

Zion's Herald.

Volume LXXII.

Boston, Wednesday, July 18, 1894.

Number 29.

Zion's Herald.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Price, \$3.50 per year, including postage.
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

(Entered as second-class mail matter.)

The Outlook.

The men of Connecticut are both inventive and humane. They have invented an automatic hanging-machine on which Jack Cronin is to be executed, August 24. The State Board of Charities unanimously requested Warden Woodbridge not to use it, for the reason that its use would be suicide. The warden sought legal and medical advice. The lawyers decided that the machine would meet the requirements of the law; and the doctors, after inspecting, approved the death instrument in every particular. The warden and directors claim that, as the culprit is forced to take his position under the gallows, the execution by his weight cannot be suicide.

The commercial need of Southern California is a deep-water harbor for the shipping of the Pacific; and this need could be met, according to the surveys and estimates of the army engineers, by improving San Pedro Bay, near Los Angeles, and at the terminus of the railroad from Sacramento. O. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is endeavoring to persuade Congress to make the improvements at Santa Monica Bay, where his road terminates. It remains to be seen whether Congress will follow the interest of the railroad magnate, or the counsel of the engineers.

The "Daring," a torpedo-boat destroyer, built by J. I. Thornycroft & Co., and one of the forty-two vessels of her class in the British navy, is the fastest ship afloat. The "Hornet" attained 28.6 knots—supposed to be the highest speed; but the "Daring" attained the phenomenal speed, on her recent official trial, and against the tide, of 29.368 knots per hour. The "Daring" is 135 feet long, 19 feet wide, 13 feet deep, and draws 7 feet of water.

John Paul Jones, though English born, sided with the colonies in 1775 and fought bravely against his country. He was an early edition of Semmes, half pirate, half dare-devil, generally for the American government, but always a sort of free lance for John Paul Jones. For this bold seaman, who obtained the honors of a commodore in the American navy, Congressman Cummings, in a bill before Congress, asks an appropriation of \$50,000 for a statue of "Commodore Paul Jones, the sponsor of the Stars and Stripes on the ocean."

The Admission of Utah.

The Territory of Utah has had a troubled and eventful history. The effort to establish there a type of civilization alien to that of the country has been determined and persistent, but the spirit of the American people has resisted all the attempts of this Territory to enter the Union until guarantees in favor of republican order had been secured, not only on paper, but in the character of the inhabitants. The gentle population is now quite large, and will no doubt rapidly increase, and adequate legal measures have been taken to neutralize the polygamous taint. The House of Representatives passed favorably on Utah's admission some months ago, and now the Senate passes the House bill with only two dissenting votes. The measure had become inevitable, and the contest in the Senate related entirely to amendments granting certain railroad subsidies and fixing

the date at which the Utah senators are to be admitted. The subsidy clauses were finally all rejected, save the original one reported by the committee in favor of the Danville road, and the senators are not to be admitted until 1896.

Earthquake at Constantinople.

Three violent shocks of an earthquake occurred at Constantinople on the 10th inst., which shattered or overthrew many buildings and produced widespread alarm among the people, not less than fifty of whom perished in the concussions. The damage extended through the city and suburbs. The Bourse, banks, and public departments were all closed, and many thousands of people fled beyond the city, fearing to remain in their houses. The first shock occurred at 12.30 P. M., and was quickly followed by another equally severe; the third coming at four o'clock. Many houses collapsed in the city and in the villages on the shores of the Bosphorus, while others were so badly shattered as to render them unsafe. The loud rumbling of the earth, and the swaying of the buildings at each shock, sent terror through the whole city, and the inhabitants fled to the open spaces or beyond the walls. The streets were strewn with telegraph poles, and the debris of fallen edifices. The churches and minarets shared in the general damage, and the façades of many elegant private residences were shattered or destroyed. The city presented a strange scene of alarm and ruin. Still severer shocks were felt later.

Anti-Anarchist Legislation.

The assassination of President Carnot has stirred all Europe to strike the class of terrorists to which the desperate Santo belongs. The anarchists—the enemies of civil order, the Thugs of modern society, who propose to substitute the methods of savages for those of civilization—are to be hunted down as never before by the governments of Europe. Simultaneously France, Italy and England are proposing legislation against them. The aim of this legislation, the exact features of which are not yet known, is to prevent the spread of anarchistic doctrines, to render summary and certain the conviction of this criminal class, and to prevent the notoriety they all seek. The Italian government was the first to act in the matter. Signor Crispi has introduced a bill, which proposes to increase both the severity of the existing law in regard to the manufacture and possession of explosives and the penalty, and which provides for throwing the burden of proof on the accused. The bill forbids the publication of anarchistic writings, and the utterance of anarchistic sentiments, and apologies for anarchists. A bill of similar import has been introduced into the French Chambers. The bill refers these offences to a correctional tribunal, composed of judges without juries. The bill takes note of written and spoken offences, and incitements to murder and incendiarism, and fixes the maximum penalty. The English bill has been prepared by Lord Salisbury, and has been approved by the cabinet. These bills will go far to silence the blatant eulogists of arson and murder in these countries. The sympathetic utterance or spoken threat, as well as the actual crime, incurs guilt.

The Ottawa Conference.

The doings of the Conference at Ottawa, composed of delegates from the different British colonies, are viewed at home with mingled feelings of favor and distrust. The Conference exhibited an intelligent view of the situation and an independence of judgment in regard to the mutual interests of the empire and its colonies. That the Conference "affirmed the unity of the empire, not as a mere abstract sentiment, depending upon vaguely-considered ties of blood, but as the basis of the practical assertion of an economical principle and po-

litical right," was very grateful to the home government. In return for this assertion, the Conference asked for cable and steamship subventions, which will no doubt be accorded. The claim of a right to enact a colonial tariff against foreign nations, is regarded with some doubt or disfavor. That would be an exercise of sovereignty which would be quite liable to conflict with the interests and obligations of the empire, involving it in trouble with governments with which England has lucrative trade relations. To touch trade is to touch the quick in the nation's make-up.

Soundings in the Pacific.

For two and a half years, from 1888 to 1890, H. M. S. "Egeria" was engaged in sounding the deep seas between the North Cape in New Zealand and the Phoenix Islands near the equator, the distance between the extreme points being 2,000 miles. The design of the soundings was to ascertain what islands might make secure stations for the new cable to be laid in those waters. The Admiralty and Colonial offices united in the work, which has been brought to a satisfactory close. The soundings were regarded as necessary, as some of the islands have a very slight base and are liable to disappear at any time below the waves. Some of them are hardly more than alight columns rising from the sea bottom for thousands of feet. This mere pipe-stem is liable to break.

The Senate Sustains the President.

In the industrial world, the past has been an eventful week. A determinative crisis has been reached and passed. The disturbances at Chicago threatened the peace and prosperity of the whole country. No one knew how deep or widespread was the public disaffection, or how fully the President would be sustained in sending federal troops to the disturbed district. The act roused the opposition of the labor leaders and their sympathizers, among whom was the Governor of Illinois, where the disturbances centered. Senator Kyle, of North Dakota, had offered an inflammable resolution in favor of the strikers and the uprising in Chicago; and in the very stress of the struggle, Peffer, the Populist senator from Kansas, presented a resolution in favor of the governmental control of interstate railroads, regulating the freight and passenger rates and fixing the wages of the employees; the senator followed with an unguarded and incendiary speech. But at this point the tide turned. Some men, in Congress and out, began to see that the country was moving upon the verge of civil war, and that a halt must be called. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, convinced that the President must be sustained in his attempt to put down disorder, came down upon Peffer in a withering and annihilating reply. The electricity in his utterance tended to clear the atmosphere. He was followed in equally incisive and burning words by Senator Gordon of Georgia, who spoke for civil order and against the rule of violence. These clarion voices from the Northwest and the South rang out through the country and found a response from the whole people. Senator Daniel's resolution, indorsing the President's action, was substituted for Peffer's. It was as follows:—

Resolved: That the Senate indorses the prompt and vigorous measures adopted by the President of the United States and the members of his administration to repulse and repress by military force the interference of lawless men with the due process of the laws of the United States and with the transportation of the mails of the United States and with the commerce among the States. The action of the President and his administration has the full sympathy and support of the law-abiding masses of the people of the United States, and he will be supported by all departments of the government and by the power and resources of the entire nation.

The resolution passed unanimously, not even Peffer, Allen or Kyle venturing to vote in the negative.

The Arrest of Debs.

The arrest of the labor leader was a delicate and, as some thought, a dangerous matter. Some of his seconds had declared that his arrest would bring civil war. In the face of this prophecy, the President ordered the arrest, while he held his hand quietly but firmly on the centre of disturbance, and was undeterred in his efforts to restore order. The Senate was behind him, the country was behind him also, and it was felt more deeply with each hour that he was master of the situation. The arrest, so far from increasing the violence, marked an additional ebb in the tide. Debs himself, through the good offices of the mayor, was prepared to compromise. He offered to call off the strike on condition that the railroad managers would restore the men to their places; but the offer was rejected, and Debs had only the President's offer to appoint an investigating commission left him. The railroad leader held on as long as he could; but he found any further advance impossible.

Sovereign's Order.

Meantime, to aid Debs, J. R. Sovereign, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, a million strong, ordered a general strike. But he was too late; the tide was rapidly going out, and the failure of the movement had become inevitable. Sovereign's order fell flat. Of the million Knights, less than 14,000 responded to the call of their chief. His sovereignty was at an end; for the reason that the mass of the order deemed his course unwise. In this way the whole movement has really collapsed without any direct gain to anybody. The trains are again in motion, the mails are on their way to their destination, and the course of trade is once more unobstructed. The disorder was suppressed with slight loss of life; and for this result we are greatly indebted to the firmness of the President and the prudence of Gen. Miles. All was done resolutely; nothing rashly. Labor was not to receive aid through violence and blood. We trust the embers, still hot, will not be blown to fresh flames.

The Christian Endeavorers.

Neither numbers nor enthusiasm were lacking in the Thirteenth International Convention held in Cleveland last week. Even the great strike collapsed in season to permit gatherings on the opening evening (July 11) in fourteen churches and the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, and before the Convention came to an end on the 15th the total registration of delegates reached 40,000, of which number 14,790 came from points outside of Ohio. Governor McKinley gave the address of welcome at the first regular session, on the 13th. Secretary Baer announced the total membership of the Society to be 3,023,800, and stated that during the past twelve months 186,350 members have joined the churches. In the United States the denominational representation is as follows: the Presbyterians still lead, with 6,652 companies; the Congregationalists have 5,438; Baptists, 3,203; Disciples of Christ and Christians, 2,895; Methodist Episcopal, 1,287; and so on through a long list. In Canada the Presbyterians lead; the Methodists are next. In England the Baptists are in the van. There are 6,471 Junior companies. Great regret was expressed at the absence of President Clark, on account of illness, but his annual address was read to listening, sympathetic thousands and proved to be especially inspiring. Rev. C. A. Dickinson acted as presiding officer. Excellent addresses were given by leading ministers and laymen who are identified with the movement, on the various phases of activity which come within the scope of the Society's plan. Among the speakers on the closing day was Miss Frances E. Willard. Resolutions against intoxicants and Sabbath-desecration were passed, and in favor of the movement for Christian citizenship. Next year, if arrangements can be made, the Convention will meet in San Francisco.

Our Contributors.

CHARITY.

1 Corinthians 13.

Rev. J. W. Adams.

Of all the themes that e'er engage
The tongue or pen of poet, sage,
None more divine can ever be
Than heaven-born, God-like charity.

Of what avail is eloquence,
Or marvelous prophetic sense,
Or faith which mountains can remove,
Or giving, not inspired by love?
What profit may we hope to gain
By bravest martyr's fiery pain,
If we love not, as love we can,
Our Maker and our fellow-man?

Love suffereth long, and love is kind;
Love is of gentle, lowly mind.
When others share a happier lot
Than falls to us, love envieth not;
Love never proudly vaunts itself;
Is not puffed up with fame or self;
'Tis seemly in behavior, too;
And "I" subordinates to "you";
It never into passion flies,
And will not evil thoughts surmise;
It joys not in iniquity,
But in truth's juster equity;
It all things bears, believes, endures,
And never-failing grace ensures.

All prophecy shall pass away
When dawns the soul's fruition-day;
The special gift of tongues shall cease
When triumphs here the Prince of Peace.
Vain glorious knowledge, in that day,
Shall also vanish quite away.
In part we know and prophecy,
But in the perfect by and by
We shall not, in that better land,
As children speak and understand.
That which we now but dimly trace
Shall then be seen, as face to face;
And they who stand before God's throne
Shall know, as even they are known.

And now abide the royal three—
Faith, Hope, and blessed Charity;
But, rising evermore above,
And queen of these, is Perfect Love.

Greenland, N. H.

MEN WHOM I HAVE HEARD

In Congress, On the Platform, In the Pulpit.

III.

Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D.

AT the head of the Massachusetts Bar
for nearly half a century stood

Rufus Choate.

A splendid specimen of the genus *homo*, he measured six feet in height, straight as an arrow, with no superfluous flesh, but muscular and rapid in his movements. His face was mobile, pale, thin, and, even though in the vigor of manhood, strangely wrinkled; his eyes were large, black, and piercing; his hair, black as a raven's wing, curled all over his massive head. A full, overhanging brow showed clear perception and penetration; full at the temples, denoting ideality and fancy. The posterior of his head, not sloping suddenly off, but slightly raised, showed indomitable will, while that fullness behind his ears exhibited combativeness.

Thus he appeared the last time I heard him speak, in 1846, when I stood on my feet six hours listening to, probably, the greatest effort of his life, in defence of a murderer. By the daily papers I had learned of a homicide in Boston and that the trial of the supposed murderer was in progress in the court room. I had no curiosity to witness it, but passing through Court Square on that day, I met my old friend, Col. Pratt, a deputy-sheriff, on his way into the Court House. After a handshake he said, "Come, go in and hear Choate defend that scoundrel Tirrell; he is to make his plea this morning." Now I should not wonder if Sheriff Pratt thought and said to himself: "Shall have to hang that scamp."

There was a great crowd through which we had to press our way, but the sheriff was a court officer and must pass, and I followed close on his heels until he brought me to the front where I could at a glance take in the whole scene. The district attorney had brought in all the evidence and closed his plea. All the evidence bore so hard upon the prisoner that it was a foregone conclusion that a death sentence must follow. There could be no doubt of the guilt of the culprit.

There sat the self-possessed defender, his black eyes sweeping the great crowd—a leader of a "forlorn hope." He had arranged a scenic spectacle. The accused, of course, sat where the jury could see him in "the bar." The aged father and mother, with a little child, apparently their youngest, were placed where the jury could see them. And now the great orator rose and straightened himself up, rolling his eyes

around from the judges on the bench and the crowd in the room to the jury, which he sharply scanned. "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury: Gentlemen of the jury," said he, lifting his arm and pointing to the prisoner, "look on that young man at the bar: in the full flush of manly beauty, in perfect health, his breasts full of milk and his bones of marrow." Thus he went on; then called attention to the gray-haired father and mother. "The unhappy mother who bore him, who clasped him to her bosom, from which he drew his life." So he went on for some time. The eyes of many grew moist with sympathetic emotion. I looked at the jury and saw that they were wrestling with the rising tide of sympathy. Choate here paused a moment, then, turning full upon the jury, his eyes now ablaze, and shaking that long finger at them, he burst forth in startling tones: "Gentlemen, if you bring in a verdict of *guilty*, that young man will be hanged by the neck like a dog!" It is forty-six years since I listened to that startling expression, and I hear it yet! He then took the evidence and went over it carefully, only making remarks upon the unreliability of "circumstantial evidence." He even admitted the preponderance of evidence against the prisoner.

He had now been speaking three hours. The reader must not suppose that he had been calmly addressing the jury as one hears public speakers in these days of "high culture." No; he had stormed, and had thrown himself about, and indulged in violent gesticulation until he was in a state of profuse perspiration. The linen of his undergarment was limp with sweat, his hair as wet as if dipped in water. In pleading a cause once he split his coat from the collar to the waist.

He now paused, and addressing the court said, "Will it please your honors to grant me a recess of ten minutes?" It was granted, and Choate left the room. The audience took a deep inspiration. "It's of no use," said one to another, "he is laboring in vain. Tirrell is guilty."

He enters again. His wet garments have been changed, he has been bathed and rubbed down, and now appears fresh and ready. His first sentence almost took one's breath away: "Gentlemen of the jury, I admit the killing of this woman by the prisoner at the bar. I deny the *guilt* or responsibility." It came like the explosion of a bomb. The judges leaned forward and looked hard at him. The astonished jury looked at each other. The audience smiled. "I told you so," said one to another. Then he went on to show that killing was not of necessity murder. "Where is a motive in this case for the act? There were no marital bonds to chafe and fret either party. She was his leman, not a lawful wife. He could bid her go, or go himself." After a long exposition of law, he took up the testimony of the mother that her son the prisoner was a sleep-walker from early childhood. The defence, then, to the astonished court, jury and audience, was on the ground of "constitutional somnambulism." The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and the guilty scamp walked out a free man.

But there was in this case a sad episode. The next day after the trial I was sitting in my study in Cambridgeport, when the servant girl rapped at my door and informed me that a man in the sitting-room wished to see me. I descended, opened the door, and, looking on the stranger, exclaimed, "James Bickford! Where did you come from?" It had been twenty years since this man and myself were fellow-apprentices together. For three and a half years we had sat on our respective benches in the same room, he the half-brother of our master, and this was our first meeting since. I saw at once that the poor fellow was in trouble, and said: "James, you are in trouble. Can I help you?" "No," he said, "you cannot help me. That woman Tirrell murdered was my wife!"

Lardner and Thackeray.

It was my good fortune to listen to two courses of the "Lowell Lectures" in Boston by the above-named lecturers. Lardner's lectures were purely scientific. They were subsequently published under his careful revision. One remarkable fact is that they were orally delivered. The learned doctor was a slim, active man, voluble, clear in statement, and never hesitating. A wonder it was that whatever branch of scientific research he took up, from astronomy to the steam-engine, he exhibited a thorough acquaintance with all its bearings. A vast degree of amusement was created by his mathematical demonstration that no ship could ever cross the Atlantic by steam power

alone, as, whatever her tonnage, she could not carry sufficient coal to generate the power necessary for her propulsion. A report of that lecture was carried to England by the steamship "Great Western." I notice that in his published lectures, as late as 1846, he still adheres to his position, only slightly shifting his ground and contending that "steam navigation can never become general because not profitable." Great unscientific uncertainties!

William Makepeace Thackeray (born in 1811, died in 1863), the popular writer and satirist, appeared in Boston in 1844, I think, and gave lectures on the "Four Georges" in the old "Melodeon" on Federal St. Thackeray was a large, well-proportioned man, with a massive head, a restless, large blue eye and a pug nose. He was a diffident man, and before a large Boston assembly was evidently scared. In some letters of his, recently published in one of our magazines, he tells us how intensely he suffered before stepping before an audience. These lectures were interesting, not because there was anything remarkable in the character of those stupid, drunken Dutchmen, or Germans rather, but from the humorous haze thrown over them in their habits and acts. The third George was a pig-headed, obstinate, drunken fool; his wretched, reckless fooling brought on the revolution which "knocked out the finest jewel in the English crown." He died insane. The lecturer treated that imbecile with terrible, stinging satire. Of the fourth George, the Duke of Wellington said: "He was indeed the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy and good feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a preponderance of good, that I ever saw in any character in my life." My readers will see through and over what a rich field we were led by such a magician as Thackeray.

Henry, Lord Brougham.

This remarkable man was born in 1778, and died in 1860, aged 81 years; so that when I saw and heard him he was 72, and yet looked not more than fifty. He was a Scotchman, born in Edinburgh, and educated at its University. His orations at the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820-'21, and active interest in the abolition of the inhuman slave-trade, gave him a universal notoriety.

When visiting Europe in 1850, I had a strong desire to see and hear the "Mitee Broom" as a scottish Chinese letter-writer styled him. But I found two things difficult to secure in London—an entrance to the Methodist Conference then in session at the City Road Chapel, from the door of which I was coolly turned away; and admission to the Houses of Parliament. My host at No. 8 King's St., Cheapside, Mr. Randall (now dead), informed me that I must have a note from the U. S. Minister, Mr. Lawrence, or from a Peer of the realm, in order to visit the House of Lords. So I trudged off after breakfast up to 138 Piccadilly, the residence of Mr. Lawrence, very sure of the note.

"Mr. Lawrence is out of town, and will not return for two weeks," said his secretary.

"Is there any power delegated here to grant such a permit?"

"None," said he.

The mercury in the glass of hope dropped to the bulb.

At our dinner the subject came up again and I related my discomfiture.

"You'll have to give it up," said one; "sorry for you."

"But," said I, "I will not give it up. I must see at least Lord Brougham. I shall go home ashamed if I fail. Saturday I have arranged to leave for Paris; only one day more. I shall go in today."

A laugh rippled around the table, and some one said,—

"We shall be glad to see you after your return from your visit to the House of Lords."

"Be here at supper. I will then tell you about it. I have worked out a plan to overcome all these obstacles. I remember Lord Bacon's aphorism: 'Possible things are such as may be done by one, though not by others.'"

After dinner, at 1 P. M., I started for Westminster, strolling slowly along, in no haste, as I knew the House opened at 5 P. M. By 4.30 I was at the old Abbey in front of the Parliament House. A crowd of sightseers had gathered there to witness the assembling of the Lords. Soon I heard loud hand-clapping, and saw a solitary horseman slowly coming down the street, his head bent, and his body swaying to the motion of his steed. "Who is that?" I asked

of a gentleman standing by me. "Lord Wellington," he replied. He rode up to the door, swung himself from the saddle, and his squerry rode up, took the animal by the bridle, and rode away. The "noble lords" meanwhile had been gathering, in all sorts of vehicles from a dog-cart to a coach-and-four. The old bell in the Abbey tolled out the hour of five, and the crowd dispersed. My time had come. I had taken one of my cards, bearing my name, and under it had written in large letters: BOSTON, UNITED STATES. I wore a single-breasted, clerical coat, buttoned up to my throat, and a silk hat, and carried a green cotton umbrella. Walking briskly across the street, and assuming (what I surely did not feel) an indifferent air of business, I approached the door and inquired of the sentry stationed there,—

"Is Lord Brougham in the chamber?"

"He is, sir."

Handing him my card, I said, "Send that in to his Lordship."

He opened the door and called an usher, who came down the corridor.

"Send that card to Lord Brougham," said the sentry.

He took it, and I followed him into the anteroom.

"Wait here," said he, and vanished.

In less than two minutes out came a small-sized, quick-motioned man. I explained, and apologized, but wound up by saying: "I could not think of returning to Boston without having seen and heard, if possible, Lord Brougham."

He smiled and extended his hands, saying, "All right, sir, I will introduce you."

Then instead of ordering the usher to "take the gentleman round to the gallery," he said, "Follow me," and led this Yankee Methodist preacher in upon the floor of the House, and said, "Make yourself at home, sir."

I was in the House of Lords! An usher soon came and spoke to me, pointing out the noted men among the grantees, who resembled a company of New England farmers met to discuss the subject of stock-raising or rotation of crops. But that man I had seen on horseback was striding back and forth in the area between the benches, his hands clasped behind him, and his hat thrown back on his head, which was dropped upon his breast. That *noise!* I have often seen it referred to as remarkable, but as a noise it had no equal. "I select my marshals by their noses," said Napoleon. I wondered what the great Duke was thinking about. I know what I was thinking as he strode by me, back and forth. I was on the field of Waterloo; I heard the deafening roar of five hundred cannon, the charge of Ney's horsemen upon the square of British soldiers, the order from the lips now closely shut before me: "Up, guards, and at them!" the rout and flight to Paris. I thought of St. Helena, of Longwood, of the terrible storm on the day when that restless spirit left the clay, of his last words—"Head of the army!" And there walks the man who brought it about!

To return. Lord Brougham sat a few moments as if in profound meditation, then suddenly rose, and, mounting the rostrum, commenced speaking. I could hardly grasp the subject, and, indeed, he had nothing special to discuss—something about what he had proposed or intended to bring before the House. His delivery was rapid, easy, and earnest. He spoke for about twenty minutes, and then returned to the "wool-sack," no doubt saying to himself: "There, my friend from Boston, that's the best I can do for you under the circumstances." He was rather under-sized, with a small but well-shaped head, a brain of the finest texture, and a nose of which writers have spoken as "long, but turned up at the end," expressive of satire and scorn.

I had seen, shaken hands with, and heard, Henry, Lord Brougham. I was satisfied. I rose from the steps of the Queen's Throne, on which I had been sitting, thanked the genial usher, and passed out, thanking also the gentlemanly sentinel at the door, jumped into a 'bus and was at 8 King's St., Cheapside, a little after six. The boarders were at the supper-table, and as I took my seat a volley of questions assailed me.

"Have you been into the House of Lords?"

I gravely bowed right and left. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been into the House of Lords—on the floor, not into the gallery. I sent my card in to Lord Brougham, who came out and took me in, and made a speech for my personal gratification."

There was a dropping of knives and forks, a look of wonder and astonishment, and "so to supper," as old Pepps would say.

ARCHAEOLOGY TO THE RESCUE OF BIBLICAL HISTORY.

Rev. H. Hewitt.

FOR the man who, Proteus-like, can speak with the weight of authority, "sometimes in the character of a theologian, sometimes in that of a simple archaeologist, and sometimes in that of a historical critic," one ought to have some feeling of admiration. And these are functions recently ascribed very deservedly, though somewhat sarcastically, to that learned and most indefatigable investigator in the realm of Assyriological literature and antiquities,

Prof. A. N. Sayce,

by a fellow-laborer in a different though closely-related field of inquiry.* Of the half-dozen scholars, more or less, who are esteemed authorities in this important and fruitful region of research, few have seen a longer term of service, few have had the advantage of a complete apparatus or a larger collection of materials, few have pursued the whole subject of Assyriology and related lines of investigation with a more single-minded devotion, and perhaps few, if any, are capable at this moment of giving a safer verdict on any disputed point of sacred antiquity.

Notwithstanding all this, his recently-published book, "The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments," has provoked a style of stricture from members of the advanced guild of Biblical scholars which sounds very much like resentment. Readers of this bold challenge will hardly be surprised either at the feeling it has awakened in the camp of progressive Old Testament scholarship, or the satisfaction it has afforded those who still have the hardihood to "calmly speak of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and even Nimrod and Melchisedek, as if they were historical individuals who did something like what is reported of them in the Hebrew writings."† The warning to make haste slowly and risk nothing on unverifiable ground; the damaging beyond repair, or the possibility of further occupancy, of some of the leading positions of the advanced wing of critics by an array of archaeological testimony hard to dispute, makes the situation one of unusual interest, and was sure to create some "searchings of heart" among those who hold the chief places in the van of Biblical scholarship and criticism. It may be true, in a limited sense, as Lessing said, that "historical facts being accidental and often uncertain, can have no close connection with spiritual religion;" but, on the other hand, a spiritual religion built on assumptions in open and obvious conflict with historical facts could not be expected long to hold the respect and confidence of mankind. It is, therefore, not easy to overrate the importance of a work which undertakes to

Lay Bare the Historic Basis of Old Testament Religion,

and so triumphantly proclaim its soundness and strength as to compel the Babel of modern critical skepticism to pay attention. Writing his pages in Egypt, in the very presence of many of the colossal witnesses he subpoenas in the interest of revealed truth, his facts and arguments have that delightful dogmatism of conviction which is the legitimate offspring of thorough personal investigation and knowledge. It is conclusively shown that the historic elements in Genesis, which a too confident criticism has argued could not have been available to the writers of that ancient and interesting document in its present form, may really have been easy of access centuries before the Exodus. The recently exhumed Tel-el-Amarna tablets, as well as the results of earlier excavations elsewhere in the East, have shown that "The culture of the East had been literary from the remotest epoch to which we can trace it back. The monuments it has yielded to us are for the most part written monuments. Babylon and Assyria were filled with libraries, and the libraries were filled with thousands of books, while the Egyptian could not even hew a tomb out of the rock without covering its walls with lines of writing." The revelations of the past, made by the excavator's tool of late years under the eye and the direction of the scholar and archaeologist, compel the belief that "there is nothing impossible in history any more than there is in science." It is only needful to bear in mind that the early books of Scripture were not "written by German scholars surrounded by the volumes of their libraries and writing in awe of the reviewers." Plentiful as historical materials must have been, the task of handling brick-alab docu-

ments, like those of Tel-el-Amarna and Koyunjik, not to speak of documents on colossal monoliths and pillars and temple walls and the face of rocky cliffs, would present a difficulty to the ancient compiler not to be overlooked, while the simplicity of his age, or his own specific purpose in writing, would lead to brevities of statement and omissions of fact which the hypercriticism of today is apt to hastily and ignorantly construe as errors.

Of the prevalence of literary cultivation in the early Eastern world, notably under the domination of the cuneiform or Babylonian system of writing, the author of the "Verdict of the Monuments" finds

Suggestive Traces in the Hexateuch itself.

It has long been the fashion of criticism to point to the fact of the absence of any written inscriptions which could be dated so early as the age of Solomon, while most of those which were known "belong to the epoch of the Ptolemies," as a proof of the impossibility of a written record as early as that assigned to the book of Genesis. The name, Kirjath-Sepher, however, "City of Books," and its alternative designation, Kirjath-Sanni, "City of Instruction," and Beth-Sanni, "House of Instruction," together with the remarkable discovery of brick documents on the site of the abandoned capital of Amenophis IV. of the eighteenth dynasty, plainly point to the possibility of deriving most of the episodes and stories connected with the dawn of human history from written and authentic sources. The argument for the very high antiquity of the historic elements of Genesis becomes stronger still in the light of the constantly accumulating information derived from the cuneiform literature of Babylonia. Tablets containing fragments of poems, some of them dating as far back as the 23d century before Christ, substantiate all the leading facts of early human history. The production of the world, the creation of man, the planting of a garden eastward of Eden, the Fall, the Flood, the building of the Ark, with the details of its history from the rising to the subsidence of the waters and its resting on Mt. Ararat, the construction of Babel, the confusion of tongues, the dispersion of the nations, the much-discredited stories of Nimrod and Melchisedek and Chedorlaomer (Kudarlagamar of the British Museum alabs), all find extended mention or definite reference in the literature of rocks, slabs, bricks, cylinders, monuments and pillars, and walls of palaces and sanctuaries, which modern archaeological research is slowly exhuming from their ancient grave and making vocal with an unexpected but potent testimony.

The "Higher Criticism," as such, thus finds by the side of it a science developing along lines for the most part parallel with its own, with whose findings it will have to reckon, and to whose conclusions it will be obliged, in the long run, to adjust its own positions. For archaeology, as resting more on positive and verified facts and less on hypothesis and conjecture, will always have a clear advantage over criticism which is obliged to build more or less on probability. Higher critics who have taken advanced negative positions without due warrant from the present state of critical knowledge, seem disposed to take alarm at the presence and pretensions of this "auditor of their accounts." Cheyne and Driver—the latter in the *Contemporary Review* for March, 1894—both seem to realize the difficulty as well as necessity of explanation and apology in view of the latest utterances of archaeological science. Still, it is surely better that there should be this division of labor even with the risk of a diversity of result in the study and investigation of questions so intimately bound up with the sovereign interests of truth and religion.

Woodford's, Me.

HONESTY PURE AND SIMPLE.

Elizabeth E. Backus.

WE suppose that to be scrupulously honest is to be honest in the smallest minutiae of life. Sometimes people who are in the main conscientious and reliable surprise us by an unexpected laxity in the "small things."

A friend, a church member in good and regular standing, and a respected teacher in the Sunday-school, calmly tells us that she never pays a fare in the electric car for her boy of more than five years; because, forsooth, the conductors never ask for his fare, supposing him to be less than five years of age. Where would this sort of reasoning lead to if applied to life in general? A person takes a sail down the harbor and inadvertently his ticket is not collected; instead of proffering it to the official, he reserves it

to pay his fare upon the home trip. A postage stamp which has accidentally passed through the post-office without being canceled, has, within the memory of man, been taken off and caused to do duty upon other mail matter. We would greatly shock the persons who are guilty of these and similar deeds, if we accused them of being dishonest. They would perhaps see no harm in taking advantage of the carelessness of an official and making it a source of petty gain to themselves. And yet, upon sober second thought, is such behavior honesty pure and simple, or does it have a decided Ananias and Sapphira flavor?

There are men in business, with a reputation for honest dealing, who yet condescend to various small means of turning "an honest penny." They are full of expedients, tricky, crafty, and by and by some of them astonish their friends and business acquaintances by what seems a sudden and great lapse from honesty. Any one who had carefully observed their operations would have known that the lapse was less sudden than it seemed.

Should not uncompromising honesty be our own practice and the sturdy virtue which we should seek to inculcate in others? When a spirit of wholesome integrity pervades character, there is no corner or crevice in life where its influence is unfelt. And in this connection it is always well to remember that it is the "little foxes that spoil the vines."

The Still Hour.

Heart-Inspectors.

There was a persevering inclination, in such good men as Payson, Edwards, Brainerd and James B. Taylor, to be constantly inspecting their hearts, that they might see how bad they were. And what was the result? Read their biographies and observe that they were full of doleful lamentations over their natural depravity, their great sins and terrible weaknesses. Much of the time they seem to have been miserable saints. Now, while we believe that Christians ought to set a watch over their hearts and diligently cultivate them, yet we are thoroughly persuaded that it is a sickly business to be constantly inspecting one's heart, either to see how good or how bad it is. The better way is to keep the heart busy for God and men.

Free from Sin.

This is a Pauline phrase. Many good Christians have been perplexed by it. They have regarded it as an unattainable experience in this life. But really all true Christians are free from sin, in the sense intended by Paul. He says: "Being made free from sin, ye became servants of righteousness" (Rom. 6:18, R. V.). These Christians had been "servants" of unrighteousness, but now, by the power of Christ, they were freed from that servitude—freed from the law and dominion of sin. They had been under bondage to Satan; now they were free from that. They were the Lord's freemen, yet "servants of righteousness." They had been under the law of sin; now they were under the law of holiness, of life, of love. And this is blessedly true of every child of God.

Tell Them.

Tell your bad feelings to others. We are not of that class of wise Christians who advise their brethren and sisters to keep all of their bad feelings to themselves and put forth only the best and brightest to others. A careful study of human nature reveals the fact that there are times when, if a dependent soul could be told by another such an one how he feels, it would help him amazingly. A Christian lady, years ago, was lamenting the fact that she never could tell the time when she became a Christian. This led her to doubt that she was a Christian. A minister met her, and in course of the conversation told her he never could point to the day of his conversion, he was so young at the time. The woman greatly brightened at this statement, saying she never met another like herself in this respect. It is strengthening to know the trials and troubles of others.

Keep At It.

It is a mystery to some people that certain Christians, whose natural talents are evidently ordinary, should be so able in expressing themselves in prayer and testimony; but there is no mystery about it. They have simply kept diligent in such sort of work. When they began praying and speaking in public, they were very limited in power of expression. It was with great difficulty that they performed these duties, but they used every opportunity to pray and testify, and their progress was a marvel to themselves and others. They put their few talents to constant, unfinching use, and the legitimate consequence was, their talents soon doubled and then trebled. And just such a course will bring its rewards to every Christian.

Limited Sympathy.

The great reason why some people do not and cannot sympathize with certain other people is because of a radical difference in temperaments. A person of heavy, phlegmatic, temperament

cannot sympathize with one of a quick, highly sensitive, nervous temperament. The cool, stoical Christian criticizes, with great severity, sometimes, his nervous, impulsive brother. The former says there is no use of the latter's being so tender and sensitive. But the fact is, the phlegmatic brother is unalterably barred from truly sympathizing with his impulsive, delicately organized brother, and not even God's grace will remove the impediment. We need to take a common-sense view of our limitations and treat each other accordingly.

God's Promises.

A terrible strain is put by some people on some of God's promises. They make entirely too much of them. Meanings are put upon them which God never warranted. Here is one them: "Ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Another promise is: "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Both promises were made by Christ. Now some insist that these promises, if believed in with all the heart, will surely be fulfilled in every instance. Not so. These promises have vital relation to other and qualifying passages and conditions. The praying must be in harmony with God's will, and one part or feature of His will is that we should forgive those who sin against us. Let us take heed that we do not abuse God's promises. He is jealous of His Word.

Head Purity.

A great deal has been said of the importance of heart purity, and this is well; but is it not equally important that we should have head purity? We think it is. We suspect that some have dwelt so absorbingly on the question of heart purity that they have quite overlooked the imperative need of head purity. Too many Christians have foolishly thought that if the heart were only right, it mattered but little whether the head was right or wrong. The truth is, no heart can be pure without a pure mind. Nor can one's heart be pure while the mind is largely filled with ignorant and gross ideas of God, of Christ, and His truth. The prime meaning of purity is clearness. Hence there must be clearness of head in order to clearness or purity of heart. It is folly to say that one may have a pure heart while his head is full of error.

No Condemnation.

It is a joyous comfort to know that every true child of God is free from the law of condemnation. But not a few Christians have confused ideas of what Paul means when he says, "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." He uses a legal term. Let us illustrate: A criminal is condemned to be executed for his crime, but before the day for his execution comes the governor pardons him. He is now under no condemnation. The law which condemned him lets him go free. The sinner is a criminal. He is under condemnation by the law of God. He begs for mercy, repents of his sins, God pardons him for Christ's sake, and he is no longer under condemnation. He is a free man in Christ. And yet he may do things for which his conscience condemns him.

IVORY
SOAP
99¹⁴/₁₀₀%
PURE
FOR THE BABY.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHPT.

CHURCH ORGANS

HOOK & HASTINGS CO.
Boston and New York.
Established in 1887.

In connection with our wholesale business, we are accustomed to sell
CHURCH CARPETS
at manufacturers' prices.
John H. Pray, Sons & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail CARPETS and UPHOLSTERY,
650 Washington St. (opp. Bay State), Boston.
Correspondence Solicited.

* Prof. T. K. Cheyne, Oxford, in *New World* for June.
† *New World*, p. 266.

WHAT OF THE WEST?

An Itinerant from the East.

THE West is so large that generalizations concerning it are apt to contain as much falsehood as truth. The generalization may be true of the Northwest, but not of the Southwest. It may be correct concerning a fraction of a State, but not concerning the State as a whole. The changes are so numerous and rapid that the conditions may change almost before documents can be printed and circulated giving facts or notions. Reliable data alone ought to be published, but the desire to arrest attention and attract population is so great that imagination too often is allowed to do its perfect work.

The West is beginning to realize that

Booming Does Not Pay.

if permanent welfare rather than transient advantage is sought. Sooner or later the balloon collapses, and if a few are benefited, the many suffer. The suffering occasioned is severe. Restlessness contributes to the same result. Discontent and loneliness provoke a desire to try a new country or exploit a different experience. Occupations are changed as well as locality. Many farmers, for example, are former butchers and cab-drivers from the greater cities, whose only knowledge of farming was obtained in abattoirs and of stock farms in driving horses. It is a proverb along the Atlantic coast that a successful ship-master will fall as a landsman in business of any kind. The exceptions are rare. Similar conditions in the West produce similar results.

The best immigrants among those who speak a foreign language are the Germans and the Scandinavians, especially the Norwegians among the Scandinavians. Most of the Germans and practically all of the Scandinavians are strongly Protestant. They are hardy, industrious, economical, independent, and patient. Hence they are successful. Many who had just enough money to reach their destination have speedily acquired a competence and a position that would have been impossible in their native land.

Eastern Money

is placed in the West to a surprising degree. There are instances of sharp dealing that have gathered in the proverbially shrewd Yankee and the wise and superior Bostonian. A Boston syndicate, for example, which was composed of resident and suburban Bostonians, came to a town of 2,600 inhabitants, were feted at the hotel, and hoodwinked by the fictitious and temporary occupation, in anticipation of their coming, of all the vacant stores and the hurrying to and fro of all available wagons filled with empty boxes. The result was that the impression acquired was based not upon reality, but upon fiction. Land was sold to the syndicate for five times its market value, and the excuse rendered to the citizens of the place was that it was a battle of wits and the battle would be repeated in the East between the natives of the East.

The seizure of government land when reservations are opened is made under nominal compliance with the law. A claim will be taken, a shanty built, occupied one night, and stored with household utensils sufficient to provide a meal when visited for purposes of inspection. Citizens supposed to be reputable do not hesitate to take oaths which a strictly honest man would hesitate to take, lest he should perjure himself. Where the people come from when a boom is on or a reservation is to be opened, is a mystery; where they disappear when a decline or a collapse comes, is equally a mystery.

The Social Conditions.

on the average, so far as morality and religion are concerned, are lower than in the older States. This is especially true of the relations between the sexes, the laws of marriage and divorce. Some of the newer States are making a serious mistake in railroad divorces through the courts after a ninety days' residence. Living on the vices and weaknesses of humanity is poor business anywhere. The Dakotas are rigid about prohibition of the liquor traffic and lax about sundering the marriage relation. Prohibitory law is enforced in the rural districts and the smaller towns. It is openly violated in the cities, some of which contain no more than 2,500 inhabitants. The saloon, or the brewery, however, is seldom secure, even in such places. Toleration and apathy have their limits. High license is not a good phrase to conjure with any longer, whatever its merits or demerits as a method of dealing with the liquor traffic.

The resources for education in the public schools, the agricultural colleges and the State universities are enormous. The school lands are so vast and valuable that they make a low tax for educational funds, and their value is increasing steadily. The East is depended upon as yet for the best teachers. Minnesota's State University is very superior. President Northrop was formerly professor of English literature in Yale College.

Ministers and Churches

are fighting a hard yet good fight, within and without. The ministerial weakling or fraud has a freer field in the West than in the East. He is tolerated in some parts of the West, even after his doubtful character or spotted reputation is known. If he can arrest attention, crowd a building by his extravagances, his appeal to the curiosity or emotionalism of the multitude, or his consciousness of ministers and churches, he will find supporters enough in

the community to compromise the church and especially its grieved and protesting remnant.

The herolism of the home missionaries and of some of the home missionary churches is deserving of all praise. They sacrifice comforts, pay large interest, accommodate themselves to times of depression, persecute law-breakers, especially the violators of the liquor laws, and win a place deserving of such praise as is given to the church in Sardis or Pergamum. Occasionally they are able to make good financial investments. Debts are common, but they liquidate their debts with comparative rapidity. The churches are apt to promise the ministers more than they can fulfill. Their impulses and hopes outrun their judgment and ability.

A distinguished minister, who has had an Eastern and Western experience, writes me: "We are in a transition state. It is not a comfortable period for ministers nor a successful period for churches, as they are now managed. I do not know a thorough, earnest pastor who is satisfied. Many are sore discouraged. Secularism has corrupted the people. It is hard work to get a man now and then to 'seek first the kingdom of God.' Denominationalism is a curse. Churches all through this West are estranged because they are competing for the patronage of the best people in each town. Our home missionary secretaries have a godly anxiety for statistics. But the kingdom of God will come. We will find our way to better methods and means. X— is prostrate. But the people are trying to pull through without a flat failure. So far they have kept on their feet by prodigious slack rope balancing."

The Presbyterians and Congregationalists consider themselves so near of kin as to forbid the entrance of the one church where a church of the other order already exists. Comity between them avoids overlapping. Methodists and Episcopalians are ready to locate anywhere. Methodists are everywhere. Episcopalians are scarce. There seems to be an adaptation of the denominational types to temperaments of human nature, and the law of natural selection prevails as a law of affiliation and of exclusion. Some people will attend the church of their choice and antecedents, who will not attend any other. This is the only plausible apology for the multiplication of churches, of dependent churches, in relatively small communities. If the wealth of the West were consecrated, the number of home missionary churches would be speedily reduced.

Exchanges of ministers between the East and the West are increasing. Exchanges between ministers for vacations are multiplying. The missionaries yearn for ministerial fellowship, the literary atmosphere, the sight of public libraries, the rest which comes from a change of scene and conditions. The Eastern minister, once naturalized, is not a promising leader for the West. Three Eastern Congregationalists have returned East within the last six months, after pastorates of less than three years each in one of the largest and most beautiful cities in the Northwest. They were successful in the East, and they will be again. They were not failures in the West. Two of them are young pastors. No better nor worse reason is given for their return than that the East is good enough for them.

"Go West," therefore, is

Advice to be Taken with Caution.

whether the object be fortune or fame, or the Christian propagandism. Success is contingent. It is by no means certain in any walk of life, nor is it uniform. Emigration in hard times is seldom warranted. The times are harder in the agricultural and mining West than in the manufacturing East. Omaha, that has increased from 16,000 inhabitants in 1870 to 140,000 in 1890, is depressed now. Duluth and West Superior, in Minnesota—practically one city and the Chicago of the Northwest—is arrested in its rapid career. Denver increased 254 per cent. in the last ten years; but although not destitute of silver or gold, it is in a state of arrested development. The *Colorado Magazine*, a new literary enterprise located in Denver, has suspended publication. These States and their cities are still ready to proclaim what they expect to be and to do in 1900, but seriously they are doubtful what they will be and do in 1894. Lincoln, Nebraska, has 23 sects and denominations, and compulsory comity may be inevitable. It will be a cold year for speculative theology in the West, where practical theology hitherto has held and won the day. Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord are needed and wanted as seldom wanted before.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ZENKOJI, THE MECCA OF JAPAN.

Rev. Henry B. Schwartz.

A T Nagano, in the province of Shinshu, stands the

Famous Temple of Zenkoji.

whither, according to popular Buddhist superstition, everybody in Japan must make at least one pilgrimage or else his soul must make one after his death. The trip after death must be attended with unusual difficulties, for either forebodings of the future or the enjoyment of the present send some ten thousand pilgrims to Zenkoji every year. Karuzawa, where we spent our summer, is near enough to Nagano to feel the full force of this pilgrim travel, and it was the most natural thing in the world to resolve that I, too, would make a pilgrimage to Zenkoji.

Pilgrimages in Japan are not the painful affairs they are in India. The Japanese pilgrim does not hesitate to ride on the cars if he can afford it, so I might have gone to Nagano in three hours by railroad; but that could hardly be called a pilgrimage. Our pilgrimage shall be on foot around the base of Asama Yama, our big, smoky neighbor, past the famous hot springs of Kusatsu, the volcano of Shirane San, and the pretty little spa of Shibu, to Naosetsu on the Sea of Japan, and thence back to Nagano.

I left Karuzawa early in the morning with a small satchel on my back, a stick in my hand, and the native straw sandals on my feet. In the village I found a *jirikisha* man who took me as far as the first village. When he found that I was going alone and for the first time, my man was untiring in his efforts to tell me the road. He told me the names of all the towns and explained all the turns I must make, but, as is usually the case, he told me so much I could not remember half of the towns nor any of the turns. However, a little way beyond I overtook a young Japanese going my way and he answered quite as well as a paid guide.

The first two or three miles were up a steep hill, where the white scoria which composed the road made me think of Ocean Avenue in Newburyport. The road took us almost to the base of Ko Asama—"Baby Asama"—as the knob-shaped projection on the side of the great volcano is called. From here the road to the summit of the mountain leads off to the left. But climbing Asama was a pilgrimage in itself, so we did not allow the three thousand feet of climbing between us and its summit to tempt us.

A hundred and ten years ago, Asama had its

Last Great Eruption.

and our road now led across the wilderness caused by it. As far as we could see the whole plain was covered with rocks, blackened and reddened by intense heat. The dust was black and hot, and the walking exceedingly uncomfortable. How deep the stuff lay I had no means of determining, but where the wind had uprooted a tree the same red and black sand could be seen clinging to the roots; and the bottom of the hole had the same appearance as the surface of the ground. The whole width of this desolated region little images of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, were set up by the side of the road, at regular intervals, about 120 yards apart; I suppose to prevent another catastrophe. Several villages once stood here, but I saw only one or two houses in four or five miles. I could not help thinking of the words of the Psalmist: "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth!"

Getting out of this wilderness, we entered a tract which the guide-book appropriately calls "park like." It reminded me of the rolling country in Champaign and Union counties in Ohio. There was the same abundance of grass and clumps of trees, but one missed the substantial farm-houses and the cattle and sheep resting in the shade. The flowers were something wonderful. Lemon, tiger, day lilies and a large, blue, lily-shaped flower vied with each other to see whether the prevalent color of the fields should be yellow, red, white or blue.

When we reached the first town, my companion must have taken a short cut, for the road, which at Ko Asama had been so wide that three or four wagons could have gone abreast, here became a mere path through the rice fields, and could only be followed by much inquiring on the part of my guide.

At Kanewo, the last little town before Kusatsu, I was glad to close a bargain for a horse for the remaining three ri. But when the horse appeared I was both amused and astonished. I have never ridden a camel, but that horse was as

near it as one could come without having the real article. His head drooped until his nose almost touched the ground and the saddle was as high as a camel's back. First came two huge straw pads at least a foot thick, above them a wooden saddle a foot higher, and over all a big blue comforter. My baggage was tied to one side of the saddle, but that made things lopsided like the pumpkin in the end of the boy's sack. That famous individual settled the matter by putting a stone in the other end; but in this case a new *shichirin*, or cooking brazier, was wrapped up in straw and used in its place. Think of using a cooking-stove to balance one's hand baggage! The question of ascent coming next, the landlord, after much discussion, produced a strong oak about four feet high; and since the horse would not kneel for me, camel-fashion, I climbed up to him by way of that oak. A camel or pack-horse presumes a man to lead it, but in this case the man proved to be a woman. She was a talkative little body, who knew almost everybody and had a word for everybody she met whether she knew them or not. She chattered away to me regardless of the fact that I could not understand more than one word in fifty that she said. She was twenty-five years old, had been married a long time, and had three children—two boys and one girl.

About half-past five we reached

Kusatsu,

and I was quartered for the night in a little detached cottage at the far end of the village, entirely removed from the sick people who make Kusatsu so undesirable. I was told that there were over two thousand in the village, including a large colony of lepers.

Of course the first thing was a bath. The Japanese are the greatest bathers in the world. They take their baths hot, seldom under 110 degrees, and immerse themselves in them almost up to their eyes. At least once a day is ordinary routine, but at a place like Kusatsu they are in hot water all the time. The baths at Kusatsu are, perhaps, the hottest in Japan, and even the Japanese, inured as they are to hot water, shrink from them. At our house there were two, side by side, one said to be lukewarm and the other hot. The so-called "lukewarm" bath was as hot as any I had ever taken, but stepping out of

A Good Fat Chicken

will produce about 700 calories of energy. The same money spent in

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

will yield 10,000 calories.

Steam Cooked That's Why

H-O {Hornby's Oatmeal} Company, N. Y.

SELECT SONGS NO. 2.
By F. N. PELLORE, D. D., and HUBERT F. MAIN, for the devotional meeting and the Sunday-school.
Cloth, \$40 per 100.
SUNNY-SIDE SONGS.
By Dr. W. H. DOANE. Fresh, sparkling, wide-awake Sunday-school music. Boards, \$30 per 100.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.,
76 E 9th St., New York. 215 Wabash Av., Chicago.

SOME MUSIC

THE BIBLE in SONG & STORY
A Service for the Sunday School. 5 Cts.

PRACTICAL ANTHEMS, Vol. 4
Medium difficulty. Thoroughly tested. \$1.00.

GOSPEL SONG CANDIDATES
A new departure. 41 New Gospel Songs. 10 Cts.

90 DAILY VOCAL EXERCISES
Compiled and adapted by TEKLA VIGNA, \$2.00.

77 BEETHOVEN STUDIES
Selected from his Piano works, by O. SINGER, Jr.

Price, \$2.00

OUTING SONGS
A collection of good songs for all outing occasions 50 Cents.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

GLENWOOD RANGES AND HEATERS



FINEST IN THE WORLD. TWO GOLD MEDALS.

Diary and Memorandum Book for the asking.

WEIR STOVE CO., Taunton, Mass.

For full information as to rates of passage or freight, summer tours, etc., apply to A. P. LANE, 266 Washington St., or, RICHARDSON & BARNARD, Agents, 20 Atlantic Ave.

The Family.

"SPECIALLY ME."

Peris E. Darrow.

Little Beth her prayer was saying
Close beside her mother's knee;
And this was the way she ended:
"God bless us all—'specially me!"

And her words set me to thinking.
Was she selfish more than I?
Had not my own heart, half thoughtless,
Made the same un-Christlike cry?

And my prayer that night was humbler,
For I planned to see
God's great mercy, and the weakness
Of us all—"specially me."

OUTDOORS.

Blue as the ephod robe
Of desert story
Deepens the sky and burns
With inner glory.
Blue, blue it burns and bears
Upon its bosom
Branch-work of rose and snow
And tufted blossom,
Tracery of coral stem,
Foam-wreath of flower,
Raining from airy heights
A silken shower.

And while fall odors steal
With soft caressing,
Out of exhaustless wells
Forever pressing,
To gaze is transport and
To breathe is blessing!

Sometimes I think the Lord
Of all this splendor
Looks at it with a love
Exceeding tender.
Because He loves it so
It seems to capture
Some effluence divine,
Some source of rapture,
Feeling with earth and air,
In wondrous leaven,
The beauty too intense
Of upper heaven!

Sometimes in vision half
The marvel seeing
The vast, swift loveliness
Around me feeling
Is but a gleam, a flash
Of God's own being!

—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in *Congregationalist*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

If all the sunshine was poured on us, we should be blinded and burned. But we can see it on every little spear of grass, and in the water-sparkles, and on the hills, and the white clouds. That is the way we get it all. — Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

The bereavement which looks into the grave is laden; the bereavement which dares to look toward the stars with hope is golden. — Rev. George H. Hepworth.

They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay—
And in the sea waves drown the restless pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon
their track.

—Whittier.

There are few things more energetic than life. Put a seed into the fissure of a rock, and it will split it in twain from top to bottom. Though walls and rocks and ruins impede the course of the seedling, yet it will force its way to the light and air and rain. And when the Word of God enters the heart, it is not as a piece of furniture or lumber. It asserts itself and strives for mastery, and compels men to give up sin; to make up long-standing feuds; to restore ill-gotten gains; to strive to enter into the strait gate. — Rev. F. B. Meyer.

I say it over and over, and yet again today;
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure, in my heart of hearts,
He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and again today,
For my work is somewhat different from yesterday:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
It quiets my restless will
Like voice of a tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day,
Whatever the Master orders, come what may:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
For only His love can see
What is wisest, best, and right,
What is truly good for me.

—Selected.

You have a work to do of some kind, and you do belong to the King. Perhaps you say, "I am only a 'shut-in.'" Ah! so were all the flowers a little while ago. Every rose, every lily, was a "shut-in"—"shut-in" under ground without the light; but they grew. They pushed their way up; if they thought, they said to themselves, "I know it is dark, I know I haven't come to the flowering of my being, but I feel I am God's flower and I must not fail. I may come to see light some day," and they did, and so will you. Keep pushing upwards, keep saying, "God is good. He did not make me for nothing. Here is a higher

life, and I will keep on praying and trusting and doing the best I can. I know I am surrounded by dirt, but I will keep pushing it away and strive to get above it." And you will! "They dwelt with the king." We dwell with the King when we love Him, trust Him, are loyal to Him, care more for being like Him than for money or anything money can give us. This life is within your reach. This joyous, restful life—will you have it? Will you say of the work you have called yours, "It is His, and He will give me the strength to do His work, and some day I shall say as He said, 'I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do?'" Another may have to take it up where you lay it down, but your part of the work will be done, and you will be willing that other hands should do their part. — MARGARET BOTTOMS, in *Silver Cross*.

If we would die the death of the righteous we must live the life of the righteous. We go into another world as we go through this, and the office of religion is not simply to teach us how to enjoy the heavenly vision, but to teach us how to be obedient and true to the heavenly vision. Then indeed will the joy be a joy that does not go; then indeed will the light be a light that does not fade. Sundays, Mondays, all the days it will sing and shine, becoming brighter and brighter through all the days on earth, till the vision of hope and faith merges and blends at last into the fuller vision of sight. — DAVID H. GREEN, D. D., in "From Things to God."

FOR THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

Mary E. Hamford.

"I'll give you that letter," said Mrs. Shafer.
She was investigating a drawer.
"Why, where can I have put it?" she questioned.

"Never mind," expostulated her visitor, Miss Katherine.

"Yes, I will mind!" persisted Mrs. Shafer.

Katherine waited.

"There it is, at last!" announced Mrs. Shafer. "I thought I put it in here!"

She handed the letter to Katherine.

"Tian't a very encouraging letter," volunteered Mrs. Shafer. "It's about that little Japanese girl the mission bands here have been supporting in Japan."

As Katherine walked down the road, after leaving Mrs. Shafer's, the girl read the letter concerning the Japanese scholar:—

"She is good in her Bible lessons and other studies, but is sly and deceitful. She is on our hearts now as a subject of special prayer, because, a few days ago, she wrote one of the teachers' signs on a paper, so that the man who buys for the children would get the things she ordered, thinking the paper had been endorsed by a teacher. The smallest children in school know this to be sinful, and yet she affirms that she did not know that it was wrong. As she is unusually bright, and in her thirteenth year, we do not believe her. We hope that, long before you hear this and can pray for her, she will have repented and told the truth."

Katherine sighed. She could well make allowance for grave faults in a heathen child, even after two years in school, and could hopefully look forward to her becoming a Christian. The letter had merely added itself to the load of discouragement that Katherine bore. She was the ladies' foreign mission treasurer. Two-thirds of the mission year had already gone, and only one-fifth of the amount of money pledged and necessary for the support of certain foreign missionaries had come in. Katherine had done all she could to increase the collections, but with small result.

"So few people seem to care!" she sighed, sorrowfully.

Katherine had reached another road, and stood, hesitating, looking toward the pines. She knew that beyond this next half mile of pines was a long stretch of sand running out to the sea, and on the point was a light-house. The mother of the light-house keeper had recently sent word that she wished Katherine would call, some time when she could. The light-house keeper's mother, Mrs. Morris, was an old lady whom Katherine had once seen, but whom the care of her widower son's little child and the distance of the light-house from town generally prevented from coming to church.

"I wonder why she wants to see me?" Katherine questioned herself.

She turned into the sandy road. As she plodded on, there was a faint sound of wind, high in the odoriferous pines. There were cries of bluejays quarreling overhead.

But Katherine heard nothing. She was utterly cast down. She could feel, too, that depressing letter in her coat pocket. How hard all work for foreign missions was!

At last she saw before her the end of the pines, and the great wooden gate that stretched across the road and opened upon

the trail through the white sands. Katherine took hold of the board that held the gate shut. Suddenly she put her head down on the rough gate.

"O Lord!" she said, brokenly, "if our mission work is going to be a failure this year, and if we can't pay our missionaries, I have tried!"

By and by she lifted her head, the gate swung shut behind her, and she plodded on, in sight of the sea, till she came to the light-house.

"I'm glad to see you," old Mrs. Morris greeted the girl. "I've been looking for you every day. I want you to open the mission-box. They tell me you're the treasurer."

"The mission-box?" questioned Katherine.

Mrs. Morris guided the girl from the back of the light-house to the dark, front entry, and, opening the door a little so that Katherine could see a small box that was fastened to the wall, the old lady sat down on the stairs that led to the upper part of the building, and told her story.

"Since we came here," old Mrs. Morris said, "my son has had rheumatism so badly in his knees that I haven't wanted to make him climb the light-house stairs any oftener than he has to, to see to the lamp. Tuesdays and Fridays the light-house is open to visitors. They drive down from those great hotels beyond town. Some days there will be as many as six carriages around here at once, and every new person wants to climb the stairs, and see the lamp, and go out on the iron balcony, maybe. Of course we never allow anybody to go upstairs near the lamp without one of us going, too, for we don't let visitors so much as touch the lamp with one of their fingers."

"There are thirty-two steps between this floor and the lamp floor of the light-house, and when you climb thirty-two steps with one company of visitors, and then down again, and find some one else ready to go up, and you climb again and come down, and you do that off and on through the day, it's real hard work. My son couldn't do it, with the rheumatism in his knees, though he tried when it hurt him terribly."

"So I took it upon myself. Besides the climbing, there is the talking. I'd be so tired, saying over and over, 'This lamp's plunger is made of lead and weighs thirty-five pounds, and it's to force the oil into the lamp. And this disk magnifies the light six times. And this oil-tank holds five gallons. This light can be seen, on clear nights, from twenty to thirty miles at sea.'"

"When visitors would come, after seeing the lamp, very often they would offer me some money to pay for my trouble. But, of course, being employed by the government, we couldn't take money for showing anything, and so I always said, 'No, thank you.'"

"One Sunday, I was away upstairs alone. I had my Bible, and I cried a little, thinking how I had always been used to being near church, and able to attend meetings, and help with church work some."

"I'm worthless, now," I said, "I'm old. I can't go to church, or do much of anything to spread His kingdom. I don't know as I'm good for anything but just to climb these stairs, and talk about this lamp."

"I looked out at the water rolling, away, away, away, as far as I could see, and I thought of all the heathen off beyond that ocean. They hadn't any Gospel, and here I sat with my Bible in my lap, and I couldn't reach the Book to them across the waters, and their souls were dying! 'Oh, I wish I could help them!' I said."

"Of a sudden I thought of something. I went downstairs, and found that box. Next day I fastened the box to the wall, and I said, 'I've been climbing these stairs because I couldn't help it, but now I'm going to begin to climb them for the spread of the kingdom!'"

"Since then, when anybody that I've shown over the light-house says to me, 'Here's something to pay you for your trouble,' I answer, 'We're government folks, so we don't take pay, but there's my foreign mission-box fastened on the wall, and if you drop anything into that I'll see that it goes to the spread of the kingdom.'"

Mrs. Morris paused.

"I don't mind getting tired so much, now," she added, "for I say to myself, every time I go up with the visitors, 'I'm climbing for the spread of the kingdom.'"

Katherine looked at the wrinkled old face and the gray hair, and her eyes grew a little dim.

"Let's you and I open the mission-box now, and see how much is in it!" eagerly proposed Mrs. Morris.

The old lady laughed an excited little laugh. This was a moment to which she had looked forward for many a day. She

was eager as a child while Katherine counted the money.

"Four dollars and sixty-five cents," announced Katherine.

A tear rolled down Mrs. Morris' cheek.

"It's more than I ever was able to give to foreign missions in one year before, even when I lived near church!" she faltered. "I'm so glad! And I earned it myself, climbing! I can do something yet! I'm so glad! I'm going to try to fill that mission-box again."

After Katherine had plodded back over the white sands, she stopped where the large gate marked the beginning of the pines. She looked back. The light-house stood, round and tall, against the western sky. Within the light-house was the feeble old woman, who climbed "for the spread of the kingdom."

"Dear heart!" murmured the formerly discouraged treasurer. "How could I despair over the outlook for foreign missions when such earnest, prayerful souls are at work?"

And the sight of the distant blue waves and high-tossed foam brought back to Katherine the words of a missionary laboring beyond those waters: "The world is to be Christ's, even if some years are hard. When the final conquering day dawns, we shall see how every moment led up to it, and shall be ashamed that we reckoned any hour hard, when its results are so blessed."

Fern Song.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Thou' the Sun
Hath my venture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh, and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the Rain!

—JOHN B. TABB, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Place Where Duty Calls.

YOU remember that pathetic poem of our own Longfellow, entitled "The Chamber Over the Gate." Through every line of it sobs David's lament for Absalom. And the poem brings that distant sorrow into kinship with our own in lines like these:—

"There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate;
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!"

... Caught in his difficult times, and whelmed in a grief passionate, withdrawn and alone, it was there in the chamber over the gate David wanted to sit and weep his heart out, as he bewailed: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" ... Then the king arose, and sat in the gate. He left the chamber over the gate, and sat in the gate. In the gate was the place where the king ought to sit. It was the place of presence; it was the place of kindly adjudication among the people; it was the place of kindly and daily duty. And when the king sat in the gate, and all the people came before the king—that is, passed in splendid and jubilant review before him, appropriately celebrating the tough victory they had just won for him—then the people were sure that the king was still king; that he meant to do, amid and notwithstanding the hard, sad times which had seized him, his kindly duty; that he still had kindly solicitude for them and interest in them. And so their hearts grew brave, and the cooling embers of their loyalty began to flame anew.

Is not this snatch of the old story singularly suggestive concerning what we ought to do in difficult times? Duty notwithstanding—that is what we ought to do and keep doing in difficult times. ... I was looking at a specimen of that pest, the Russian thistle, the other day. It breaks off from its single stem in the autumn, and all along its edges it is crowded with seed-capsules, and when the winds haste and dash it along the prairies, every time it strikes the ground the seed-capsules burst and scatter their contents, and next season the wide prairie is hirsute with the thistle. And if you sit in the chamber over the gate idly and sadly bewailing your difficult times, instead of sitting in the gate where your duty calls you, you cannot help sowing the Russian thistles of disheartenment and discouragement all about you, especially among those over whom your personality is potent, and who trust you and look up to you. I was reading of a young officer during the war, whose battery had dwindled to a single gun, but who would keep his gun loaded and firing at the enemy. And when at last he heard the shouts of victory, he said: "Then I knew that, whatever others did, for me a victory meant keeping my own gun loaded and fired." And I am sure that lonely gun of his did ministry toward that victory, not only by the shot it would keep hurling against the enemy, but also by the sound of a steady faithfulness, even amid the toughest time, it kept sending among his comrades fighting in other portions of the field. —WAYLAND HOTT, D. D., in *S. S. Times*.



FOR an "old lady," Aunt Serena has been traveling around quite extensively of late. About the middle of June, not anticipating the intense heat which visited New England at that time, I arranged for a few days' outing in Vermont, to see a dear friend into whose face I had not looked for twelve years, when she was an enthusiastic little German student in Boston for two winters. She was one of the dearest girls in the world, and the Quaker-like brown dress she wore so much always reminded me of a little brown sparrow; and to this day "Brown Sparrow" is my pet name for her, in spite of her big, broad-shouldered husband and two lovely little girls. To visit her in her beautiful country home had always been a deep wish; and when it seemed that I should never perhaps find a more propitious time than this summer, I just started, in spite of the torrid atmosphere. In the parlor car as far as White River Junction I had the pleasure of the company of Rev. Jesse Wagner and wife. He was going up to Piermont to perform the marriage ceremony for a young lady—the last in a family of four, all of whom Mr. Wagner had married. At White River I witnessed a terrific thunder storm—the vivid chain-lightning, the hail, the floods of rain, the thunder rolling and echoing among the hills, making an impressive scene.

But the storm-clouds broke and drifted away as we crossed Vermont in the heart of the Green Mountains, through some of the grandest scenery in the world. Towering summits, seeming to pierce the sky and covered with verdure to their tops, glimpses of lake and river, pretty villages and scattered farm-houses nestling at the base of the mountains, all made a wondrously lovely panorama. As the train winds along beside the beautiful Winocski, rippling and sparkling over its pebbly bed, the lofty hills frowning in rugged grandeur close by, with occasional glimpses of Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump, an almost overwhelming sense of the power and majesty of God possesses the soul, and one realizes in a measure the Psalmist's meaning when he cried: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." But sublime as is the mountain scenery, it stifles me. The great peaks looming up into the ether oppress me. I feel dwarfed and shut in. I want horizon—the broad, limitless horizon one gets beside the unrelenting sea, not the comparatively small expanse of upper sky allowed by the broken crests of mountain ranges.

But the train sped on, and reached the Junction (where I expected my friend's husband to meet me) over an hour late. To my surprise and delight, she was with him; and as the last train for their home had gone, we were obliged to go to Burlington for the night. Of all delightful places I ever visited, Burlington is one of the most charming. The city is built on high ground, the waters of Lake Champlain at its feet, and a boundary of mountains all about the horizon—the Green Mountains on one side, the Adirondacks on the other. The University of Vermont is situated here—an unsurpassed location—and some of the private residences are palatial.

After a drive through the city the next morning, we took the train for Ferrisburgh, my friend's home—a delightful spot called "Little Otter Farm" (from the Little Otter River), where her two fair-haired little girls, Faith and Harriette, were waiting with a warm welcome. Such comfort, such kindness, such home happiness visible everywhere, one seldom sees. Surely, for the "Brown Sparrow" the lines have fallen in pleasant places, notwithstanding the heart-ache and the loss that came to the home when the Reaper Death gathered the infant boy for the heavenly garden. A visit to the home-stead, a drive about Vergennes, the oldest city in the State, behind a pair of splendid horses, another long car ride across Vermont by a different route, but still amid picturesque scenery—and then home. Almost like a dream seems that fleeting vision of mountain, lake and river, but the face of my friend stands out like a clear-cut cameo, and I know that my flying trip was a reality.

RIGHT in the midst of the blazing heat of the last week of June there came a pleasant surprise to Aunt Serena in the shape of a note from the genial hostess of the Bay View House at Ferry Beach, Saco, Me., urging me to spend a few days in that delightful spot. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and on one of the hottest of Boston's hot days, I turned my face toward the Maine coast. Though the merits and charms of Bay View had often been extolled in my hearing by the editor and publisher of Zion's Herald, I had never before had the privilege of going there. From Old Orchard one is brought to Bay View by a diminutive train of open cars (much like our street cars), drawn by a dummy engine, which puffs along and rings a most unmelodious bell in a very energetic manner, stopping along the route wherever a passenger wishes

to alight or to get on. The track winds around the Bay close to the shore on one side, with pretty cottages sprinkled at intervals along the other. The Bay View is a large, attractive, well-appointed house, facing the wide expanse of Saco Bay, with ample grounds and surrounded by odoriferous pine trees. The soft, salty air and the balsamic breath of the pines combine to form a most soothing atmosphere for the invalid or the tired brain-worker. The summer suns, of course, beat down hotly on the white sands during the day, but the evenings and nights are deliciously cool, and the most inveterate victim of insomnia could hardly fail to find that here the precious boon of sleep would not be denied him. Large, airy rooms, wide piazzas with beautiful views of sea and shore, perfect sanitary arrangements, a table that for variety and excellence could hardly be surpassed—what more could be desired for a summer's sojourn? The Bay View is a great favorite with Montreal people, whose families spending the entire season here. It is the paradise of children of all ages, from infants of six months and less to those of larger growth. Nurses and children have a separate dining-room, and the hotel is remarkably quiet, considering that there are so many little ones in it. Croquet, swings, sea bathing, etc., enliven the hours. A large Music Room is situated a stone's throw from the hotel, where, in the height of the season, there is much gaiety.

Everybody, of course, loves Mrs. Manson, who, for many years, has so successfully carried on the business, with her son for a partner. But I suppose I ought not to use the old familiar name, Mrs. Manson, for she is Mrs. Manson no longer, but Mrs. Leavitt, having been married to Capt. Leavitt last year. So you see that managing a big hotel doesn't destroy all the romantic possibilities of one's nature, and Mrs. Leavitt certainly seems very happy in her new relation. One afternoon during my stay of three days Dr. and Mrs. William McDonald, with Mrs. Farley, their daughter, and Rev. Charles Munger, called at the hotel, and it was very pleasant to greet old friends in the McDonalds. Mr. Munger I had never met before, but I found him very winning and approachable. It is indeed gratifying to meet these old heroes of Maine Methodism, with whose names I have been so long familiar, but few of whom I have seen. Mr. Munger's genial face and kind words will always be a grateful memory. And Dr. McDonald—whom I have known and loved these many years—is showing decided improvement in health since a month ago. He and his wife and daughter are staying at Old Orchard, where he hopes to derive much benefit from the health-giving breezes that sweep in from the ocean.

But to go back to Mrs. Manson (Mrs. Leavitt, I mean). It seems that last winter, after her marriage, she visited the McDonalds, but never mentioned her new ties, they of course being ignorant of the fact. So the other day when they called there was quite an amusing conversation about the subject came up, and the only plea Mrs. Leavitt could offer for her silence was that "when two old folks got married, she thought they ought to keep as still as possible about it." But amid the laughter and chaff which followed, Aunt Serena quietly made up her mind that the Methodist public should be informed that the efficient proprietor of Bay View had given her hand and heart away in a happy second marriage.

But too few were the days I was able to spend in that charming spot on Ferry Beach. Then back to brick walls, the intense heat of city streets, and a desk piled up with work. Still, one is always glad to come back to dear old Boston.

AUNT SERENA.

About Men.

—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking-glass and a comb, attached to the lining of his gray hat. He often removes his hat to look into the mirror to see how his hair is lying. If it is not rough enough to suit his fancy, he uses the comb to give it the requisite tangle. —*Journal of Education.*

—It is related that the late Dr. Phillips Brooks, on seeing a caricature of himself with strictures on his appointment as Bishop, immediately penned the following lines:—

"And is this then the way he looks,
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,
The church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try
To give these doubtful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
Even as a Bishop to be meek:
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shrink;
To quite forget what folks have said;
To keep his heart and keep his head;
Until man, laying him to rest,
Shall say, 'At least, he did his best.'"

—*Exchange.*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes said recently of Hawthorne's well-known diffidence, "It was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial

enough company for a while in his abstracted, Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

—A bronze tablet to the memory of E. P. Roe, the novelist, was recently unveiled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. The tablet was procured by public subscription, and is placed in a natural wall of rock in the E. P. Roe Memorial Park. The Roe family was represented by two of the novelist's sons, Eitingue and Murray Roe. The orator of the day was Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn. The other speakers were Hamilton Gibson, Rev. Dr. Teal, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Mr. Frank Dodd, of Dodd, Mead & Co.

A FORSAKEN IDOL.

Jacob buried his gods at Shechem—
Cast-off idols of stone and wood.
Well he wot they would ne'er bespeak him
Further evil nor future good;
Nevertheless he could not treat them
Just like pieces of wood and stone,
When he thought how he'd tried to seat them
Up aloft on an altar-throne.

Once an idol I fondly cherished,
Which was known by the name you bear;
But my faith in its virtues perished
When I found it was false and fair;
Nevertheless I could not break it
Like an image of worthless clay,
When I thought how I'd tried to make it
All I ever could hope or pray.

In my heart, down a shady hollow,
Where the willow of weeping waves,
Hide false gods I was wont to follow,
Out of sight in forgotten graves.
There you lie with no name above you—
With no epitaph false or true,
Save the fact that I used to love you
Ere at Shechem I buried you.

—ELLEN THORNTONHOPE FOWLER, in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Little Folks.

RAY'S OUTING.

Mrs. Emma A. Lente.

"DON'T jump from that top step, Archie! You might fall and lame yourself for life, and you might almost as well be dead."

Mrs. Dean, who was speaking from the window to her son, had not noticed the boy with a crutch who was among the admiring audience watching Archie's nimble performances, or she would not have said just what she did.

"Oh, no, mamma, I won't fall," said the jumper; but, being trained to obedience, he went down a step or two and sprang to the sidewalk.

"Hah! anybody could jump that much 'nless he was a cripple!" said a boy disdainfully, and one by one the children moved away until only the boy with a crutch was left as spectator.

"I wish I could ever do like that," he said.

"Can't you ever?" asked Archie, sitting down on the lowest step. "Won't your leg get well?"

"They say not. I've been lame ever since I was a young one. I'm most nine now."

"So am I. What made it that way at first?"

"Fell down stairs. I jest near about died."

"My! that's awful!" Archie had a sudden respect for his mother's wisdom. What if he had fallen, and had to suffer untold pain and lost the use of his lithe, sturdy limbs?

"And you've never rolled hoop? or played wolf or hopscotch, or jumped over tie-posts?"

"'Course not. I'll be glad when I git growed up so I won't want to do what I see other boys do."

"What do you do with yourself, anyhow?"

For the first time Archie noticed how poorly dressed the lame boy was. Lame and poor!

"I set an' whittle, an' cut paper, an' read if I have anything, an' then I go home an' set an' wait for ma to come. She works out most every day. My pa was a brakeman, an' he got killed a long while ago; an' then my sister Ellen died; she was older'n me, an' I ain't no good. If I wasn't lame I could sell papers or somethin' to help ma along; she's got a pain in her side a lot lately. What do you do all the time?"

"Me? Why, I go to school, an' play, an' read story-books, an' go to the park; and in a little while I'm going in the country to stay two months. My grandpa's got the nicest farm you ever see. I don't s'pose you've ever rode on a hay-riggin' or jumped on a mow, neither?"

"No. What's a hay-riggin' an' a mow?"

"Gracious! don't you know? Why, one's a wagon they put hay on, an' the other's the hay when it's put in the barn.

You go up on one pile that's high, an' jump 'way down in some more that's soft and smells so good. Ain't you got no place to go in the country?"

"No, I ain't never been; but ma did when she was young, where there was lots of grass to walk on, an' apples on trees—she seen 'em a-growin'; but we're too poor to ever go now, she says. But we're goin' up to the park mebbe; we went once last summer an' staid a hull day!"

"Only once in a summer—an' I go about every week! I don't care much about it no more."

Archie began to realize how many blessings and privileges he had, from this talk with one who had so few, and he said earnestly:—

"I do wish you could go to the real country!" And then he went on with such a vivid description of his grandpa's farm and the many delights to be found there, that his listener fairly held his breath in wonder.

"I must go home I'm gittin' so tired," he said, finally. "I'm glad there is such nice places to hear about if I can't never see 'em."

"Hold on a minit. Where do you live? An' if you'll come along here some other day I'll tell you a lot more. I ain't told half."

"Mebby I'll come by tomorrow, an' I live 730 Eighth Avenue, top floor, back. Ma says we used to live nicer, but it's the best we can do now."

Archie ran in to tell his mother about his new acquaintance. He always made a confidant of her, sure of ready interest and sympathy.

"I do wish he could go to grandpa's. I tried to make him see how things were there, but I just couldn't do it by talkin'. I don't s'pose grandpa would have another boy around; he says I'm a big nuisance sometimes, an' then he laughs. S'pose you just write an' ask him nice, mamma?"

"No, dear, this is your affair. But you may write if you like, after I see the boy and his mother. I will get her for a day's work if I can, and judge for myself. I should not want you to have a rough associate for several weeks."

"Oh, he's nice actin', only his coat was too little an' patched. An' I can write about him soon?"

And this was the missive which Grandpa Norris laughed over and almost cried over a few days later. It was Archie's own production:—

DEAR GRANDPA: Your the nicest one I ever see. There is a boy here ain't never been in no country. I wish he could. He is lame an' his father is dead, he ain't got no grandpa to go to see I had most rather he'd cum than me. This summer if you ain't gott room for onley one. Your place is big, he is as little as me. Ma is cumming next week. If you rite we will kno hoo can cum to. Your owne nice granboy,
ARCHIE.

When the answer to this letter was received, it was hard to tell which of the boys it concerned was the happier; and when the beautiful journey by boat and rail was completed, and Grandpa Norris greeted them at the station, he looked as happy as anybody possibly could. As the sleek horses trotted over the road home, and the lame boy looked this way and that over broad stretches of grass and grain and corn and orchard and forest, and at the wealth of berries and flowers even along the roadside, he realized that the half had not been told him; and when the spacious farmhouse was reached, and grandpa had hugged and kissed both boys alike, and the wonderful supper had been eaten, and the garden and barn explored, there was but one regret to mar the perfect bliss, and that was that his mother was not there to see and enjoy it all with him.

As days passed Ray found that he could share many of Archie's country sports. His lame leg seemed to grow stronger as his thin frame filled out with the generous country food and pure air. He was even hoisted to the top of loads of hay by the strong arms of the farm hands, and though he could not jump from dizzy heights into the fragrant mow, there was no one so successful as he in finding the hidden nests where lay the great pearly eggs. And how many of them he could eat in a day—even more than Archie.

But the weeks fairly flew, and when September came, Ray's mother hardly knew him on his return.

All this happened last year, and this year both Ray and his hard-working mother are invited to the Norris farm for a few weeks' recreation.

If only all weary toilers and wan-faced children in city tenements, top floor, back, had such a pleasant and healthful outing in prospect!

Editorial.

GOOD COUNSEL.

JOHN WESLEY says, in one of his sermons: "Near fifty years ago, a great and good man, Dr. Potter, then Archbishop of Canterbury, gave me an advice for which I have ever since had reason to bless God: 'If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature; but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness.'"

This counsel is no doubt sound; but in the practical application of it difficulties may easily arise. What things are "of a disputable nature?" Men will greatly differ on this point, and stoutly dispute. This much, however, is clear—that which one acknowledges to be disputable it would be very foolish to press with strenuous zeal and dogmatic earnestness. Matters plainly not vital he may well leave to be wrangled over by those who have no better business, while he devotes himself to pressing "essential holiness"—in other words, true godliness.

SINCERITY IN SPEECH.

THE telling of little "white lies" is a fault which is growing to sad proportions in these days of complex social obligation and the all-consuming desire to appear other and better than we really are. People who would shrink from telling an out-and-out falsehood do not hesitate to convey a false impression which is equally misleading and amounts, in the end, to precisely the same as a bare-faced lie. How many times in a day does the tongue of the weak-minded, conforming man or woman stammer, "Yea, yes!" to that to which they are conscious their interlocutor expects assent! "You know that poem of Clough's which begins so-and-so?" And the obliging listener, too weak to confess that he has never read a word of Clough, answers, nervously, "Yea," and the little white lie (why not black?) is told. Too late to call it back now. So the insincere man lets it go and covers it up with others.

It is a growing and dangerous habit, this of insincerity in speech. It gradually undermines the moral character; it leads to deliberate falsehood, to willful deception, to the commission of small breaches of trust which may be concealed by falsehood; and finally, if unchecked, it leads to the commission of graver crimes, the natural result of weakened moral fibre.

The true Christian must be absolutely sincere in word as well as in deed and intent. It is not safe, even for politeness' sake, to dally with these little white lies. Tell the truth, even though it makes you appear ungenerous, unsympathetic, or less well-informed than your friend took for granted. You owe it to yourself, and you owe it to others, to be as frank and sincere as your words imply that you are. Do not say "yes" when you mean "no." Be honest in speech, if you hope to remain honest in heart.

THE PERFECT DOING OF COMMON THINGS.

TO do common and apparently unimportant things in a slipshod and careless way is a fault which, in this age of haste and scramble, seems to be growing more and more prevalent. To fix attention and effort on great enterprises, and let smaller things take care of themselves, is the unfortunate habit of many a man who is striving to win success in life.

This tendency seems to have crept even into the religious life of the age. How many of us are given to neglect the little things, the common things, which once formed so real and vital a part of a sincere Christian life! Take, for instance, such every-day religious matters as family prayer, and private devotion, and the saying of grace at meals. We doubt if one family in ten, even among church members, adheres faithfully and uniformly to these common religious duties. Even if they are performed, it is, in too many cases, a perfunctory, hasty and formal observance. And the same criticism would extend to many other common, yet vital, Christian duties which are either neglected altogether, or discharged in the most slipshod way.

The question arises whether these very common duties of the religious life are not those which test and prove the quality of

one's Christianity. Bonaventura says: "The best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner." And we know that Christ's estimate of the ability to rule over many things is based upon one's capacity to be faithful in that which is least. There must be something wrong in the Christianity of the man who neglects or lightly esteems the common things of the religious life. His spirit is not that of the Master, surely, whose whole teaching seems to be a reiteration of the importance of little things—who emphasized the cup of water, the service of the Samaritan, the widow's mite, more than the building of temples or the conduct of vast religious enterprises.

LIBERTY—BUT LAW.

FOR the working-man in his struggle to secure rights and privileges, we have only words of sympathy and encouragement so long as he contends lawfully and employs the weapons allowable in modern civilization; but the moment he resorts to violence and endeavors to reach his ends by mob rule and the destruction of property, he has gone back to the methods of ruder ages or descended to the plane of brute force where he must be met by counter force. America means opportunity, the utmost freedom of the individual; but back of that it means law and order. The method of the robber cannot be sanctioned nor allowed. The United States cannot reason with a mob. For such combinations it has only the hard hand, and, if need be, the harder weapon. Civil order is the first law of the Republic, and, until that be secured, there is no room for parley or reasoning on the question of human rights. It is the first right of society to maintain order, and on that right the people of the United States will insist. The masses of the nation are not anarchists nor socialists, and they will not tolerate the methods of anarchists anywhere in this great land. The wrongs of men are not righted in that way.

The working-men in Chicago had a right to leave the shops if they chose—to leave in a body if they thought that best; they had no right to engage in a campaign of violence or to incite others to do so. We are slow to believe that many working-men were in the mob, but it is inevitable that they should bear the blame of it because the strike afforded the opportunity for the uprising. The late disturbances must go far to convince men that the rights of labor are not to be secured by violence, but by legislation. Let the working-men maintain their organizations; but instead of resorting to threats and strikes, let them endeavor to obtain national and state legislation which will secure them, so far as law can secure them, in all their rights. Ours is the age of reform, and hardly any persistent appeal of large bodies of men for fairness fails of a response by law-making bodies. The laborer may not secure all his rights in a day; he will obtain them much sooner than by violence or even by strikes. The strike is an expensive and hard method for the laborer as well as for the employer. One-half the effort put forth in a wise way to secure legislation favorable to the laborer would have insured better results. Let the appeal be, not to the strong arm, but to justice and fairness—sure in the end to prove more potent than the mere money power. Not a little has been done already in this direction in several of the States, which has proved extremely helpful to the laborer; he has only to continue in the same direction, and the work will soon be done so thoroughly that strikes will be entirely a matter of the past.

In the late uprising we probably reached a crisis in the labor struggle. There is a new set in the tide of feeling, both in the ranks of labor and in the general public. Large as was the movement among labor organizations, it is plain that there was great reluctance with many to act, and the order calling out the Knights of Labor fell very nearly flat, hardly 14,000 out of the 200,000 responding to the call. The laborers have become weary of this expensive and severe mode of warfare, where so many things are against them. We shall be surprised if they do not from this time begin to turn to a better method of warfare, in which they will have the sympathies of the nation at large.

The feeling of the people is evidently more fully than ever before set against these disturbances in the labor world. It deranges all the lines of business; it is an irreparable damage to the material and moral interests of society. The late troubles cannot fail to lead to legislation which

will go far to prevent the recurrence of such scenes as have been witnessed in Chicago. There should never be another. That there may not be, the laws must provide a mode of settling labor disputes. Compulsory arbitration is the panacea.

GOOD INTENTIONS NOT ENOUGH.

WE sometimes hear it said by those who neither think clearly nor speak correctly, and yet assume to be teachers of supreme authority in matters of high Christian living, that all God requires of us is that we have a pure intention. But, when carefully examined, meaning well is seen to be a very different thing from doing the right; and certainly the latter has a claim upon us.

Good intentions may be enough to preclude condemnation, and this perhaps is all that the aforesaid teachers really mean by their loose assertions; but the distinction here should certainly be drawn with some precision. Good intentions may excuse the doer, but they do not justify the deed if it be one that is contrary to general well-being. With the very best will in the world a person may work great harm. He may shed much innocent blood and perpetrate all manner of atrocities, with the idea that he is doing a service to God and benefiting humanity. A person's actions may be out of harmony with the universe, may be flying in the face of the nature of things, that is, the nature and will of God, while at the same time he purposes to do right. There is a higher standard of moral judgment than his purpose. It is far from sufficient simply to do the best one knows. One may terribly blunder through ignorance. To be true to convictions of duty is one thing; to do the things that are best and that harmonize with reality is quite another thing. Right intentions will not alone fulfill all righteousness. The attitude of our will toward our ideal may be all right while that ideal is all wrong, or at least very far astray; in which case the result will be very deplorable and perhaps mischievous. Judged by the supreme test of consequences in the long run, certain actions are evil; they do not produce true prosperity or minister to genuine happiness. Yet he who under certain circumstances does these actions may have such high, pure motives that he is free from blame. Low mental development and inability to perceive anything but the coarsest, plainest moral distinctions, is quite compatible with a high degree of faithfulness to what is esteemed to be right. This thought is of great value in the equalization of probationary conditions and in preventing wrong apportionments of guilt; but it will do harm if it is permitted to obscure the distinction between things that are really right or wrong as measured by the immutable law of God.

It is a very common thing to confuse the question of personal merit or demerit with this other question of what is ideally right and good. In the former, full allowance is made for individual standpoint, for multiplied deficiencies arising from heredity and environment, for imperfect development and manifold ignorances, for physical disease and weaknesses both of body and mind; all these things come in to determine the degree of blame or guilt that pertains to him who has failed to take the right course or has actually taken the wrong. The guilt may be greatly diminished, or indeed entirely precluded, by some plea of this sort, while the consequences of the action were in the highest degree disastrous. A baby might start a conflagration that would destroy a whole city. A war whose horrors no pen could portray might result from an entire misconception of duty on the part of some fanatical, bigoted ruler.

To make a deed really ideal, and so in the largest, deepest sense right, it must be not only well-meant, but actually in harmony with the true welfare of mankind, and indeed with the highest interests of the universe. It must be in tune with the music of the spheres. It must accord with facts as well as feelings.

That this discussion has a close and pertinent bearing on the great doctrine of Christian perfection, will be evident to the intelligent reader. We have not space just now to make the application; but it will be clear to all who think, that there must be at least two kinds of perfection, according as a perfect intention or a perfect action is referred to, and that there is a very wide difference between these two. Much aimless and profitless disputing, a darkening of counsel by words without knowledge, would be prevented if this distinction could be kept in mind.

Death of Rev. Dr. Rogers.

IT is with the utmost sadness that we announce, as we go to press, the sudden death of Rev. Charles S. Rogers, D.D., a conspicuous and highly-honored member of the New England Conference, a beloved pastor in many of our leading churches, and, since the last Conference, the popular presiding elder of Boston South District. He had been ill for some months. The attack of gripe, from which he suffered last winter, had left his physical system in a damaged condition. At the date of the Conference he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his duties as a pastor; and on receiving his appointment to the district, he began his new work with confidence and courage. But his courage exceeded his strength. For many weeks he had suffered from a relapse, being unable to attend to the duties of his position. From this second attack, however, he seemed in a fair way of recovery, and was able again to be out. But to his friends it was apparent that the seat of the trouble had not been reached, and that other ills were invading the system. On Sunday he was unusually cheerful, and received calls from his friends, but on Monday morning, while sitting in his chair, he suddenly expired at 7:30. The original trouble had developed both Bright's disease and heart derangement, from which he no doubt died.

Dr. Rogers was born sixty-one years ago at Huntington, L. I. He belonged to a large family, members of which still remain about the old homestead. The means of early instruction were improved so that he entered Wesleyan University and graduated honorably in 1859. The same year he joined the New England Conference, receiving his first station (1859-'60) at Sudbury. The next three years he served the church at Quincy Point, passing thence ('64-'66) to Dorchester. He was stationed at Newton, 1867-'69; Beverly, '70-'71; Dorchester (a second term), '72-'74; Lynn, Boston St., '75-'77; presiding elder of North Boston District, '78-'81; Worcester, Trinity, '82-'84; Springfield, State St., '85-'87; Cambridge, Harvard St., '88-'91; Boston, Baker Memorial, '92; presiding elder of Boston South District, '94.

Dr. Rogers was one of the most useful men in the Conference. In all the churches which he served he was greatly beloved by the people. He was a peace-maker. He knew men in their weaknesses and strength; he knew how to deal with them, so as to draw them to himself and toward each other. However crooked the element of which his church happened to be made up, he was sure to carry it through his term without a jar. No man was ever ugly enough to be able to quarrel with him; if any one ever approached him as an enemy, he was sure to leave as a friend. He served the Dorchester church twice, and would have been welcomed back to any of his old charges. The friends he made were friends for life. As a pastor he was invariably profitable to the churches he served; the effects of his work continued after his departure, and his name remained in the charges as a benediction poured forth. There was a benediction in every memory of him. He knew all his people, and remained constantly in touch with even the humblest member of his flock. The children were taken to his heart and molded under his hand. By his constant and considerate attentions he made every person in his congregation feel at home. He knew everybody, even the latest comer, and was sure to greet them whenever met on the street. He possessed what so many people want—a large and sympathetic heart and an open hand.

As a preacher he was good rather than great. A thorough scholar and student, he brought "beaten oil" to the sanctuary; and what he had furnished for the satisfaction of the people was given out in a delightful conversational style, which never fails to please. His utterances in the pulpit were made with the utmost propriety and good taste. There was nothing sensational about him. He could never be rude or inapt. At every point he knew the proper thing to say, and said it in a way to please the most fastidious taste. Beyond all this his speech was from the heart and out of generous sympathies, and was carried with persuasiveness to the hearts of the hearers. He was patterned after St. John, the beloved disciple, rather than St. Paul, the dialectician and theologian.

As a member of the Conference he was held in high esteem as a good, wise and true man. He began small and rose gradually from the first hour till he came to the very front. He possessed excellent qualifications for the high office of presiding elder. He was discreet, cautious, far-seeing, with an accurate knowledge of men and affairs, which made him a safe adviser and manager, especially in the work of stationing. He blew no trumpets, nor did he reveal all his counsels to his next neighbor; but he was sure to be ready for any emergency, having thought the matter all out beforehand. The death of such a man is a great loss to the Conference and to the district over which he was called to preside.

Death of Graham.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, who had a remarkable career as a business man, a journalist, and founder of *Graham's Magazine*, was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 18, 1813, and died at the Memorial Hospital, Orange, N. J., July 18, 1894. His father, who had been a wealthy shipping merchant, died poor when the son was fifteen. After a good preparatory education George was placed in the law office of Jared Ingersoll, but was obliged to leave and engage in

work on a farm. In 1832 he began in his native city the cabinet-maker's trade, at which he worked twelve hours a day and devoted six to study. He soon joined his friend, Charles J. Peterson, in the purchase of a weekly publication called the *Casket*, which continued until 1840. Graham and Peterson then purchased the *Gentleman's Magazine* of William B. Burton. It had 4,500 subscribers, and its most brilliant contributor was Edgar Allan Poe. A year later Graham acquired the sole ownership, and brought out the first number of 1831 as *Graham's Magazine*, which soon became the foremost monthly in the land. He retained Poe as a contributor, and soon added to his list the names of William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, James Fenimore Cooper, N. P. Willis, H. W. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, J. G. Saxe, E. P. Whipple, Ann S. Stephens, Thomas Dunn English, and other writers. The magazine obtained a wide circulation, and Mr. Graham enjoyed for several years an annual income of \$50,000. He became personally acquainted with the leading men of the country, and counted among his friends Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster.

In his views he was intensely pro-slavery, and made, in his magazine, a bitter attack on Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which wrought his ruin. The magazine at once began to dwindle in its circulation. But while in the full tide of prosperity he purchased the *Daily North American*, and the *United States Gazette*, which were consolidated under the name of the *North American*. He invested in other journals and became an extensive land and mine owner; but in 1870 he came out poor. As assistant editor of the *Newark Daily Journal* he earned a scanty subsistence, until, in 1880, he gave up work on account of failing sight. George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel, who had known him in the days of prosperity, sent him in 1887 to the Hospital where he died. On the death of Mr. Childs his widow declined longer to continue the contribution to Mr. Graham, when Frank W. Baldwin, editor of the *Orange Chronicle*, who had become interested in the fallen journalist, secured pledges from some of the leading publishers and journalists to support him to the end. Since January last his mind had become clouded and his memory greatly impaired. During these months the movements of the heart became fitful and irregular, its continued action being secured only by strong doses of nitro-glycerine. Thus ended a life which, though marked by great vicissitudes, contributed largely to the upbuilding of our periodical literature. *Graham's Magazine* was the Harper's of fifty years ago.

Personals.

—Prof. Clinton Scollard, of Hamilton College, has gone to Europe with Mrs. Scollard.

—Miss Ida A. Ahlborn resigns the chair of English literature and history in Baker University.

—Rev. Dr. W. R. Goodwin and wife, of Simpson Church, Chicago, recently celebrated their silver wedding anniversary.

—Miss M. A. Goucheour, of our Central China Mission, has married Dr. W. F. Seymour, of our North China Mission.

—Rev. Samuel Plants, Ph. D., president-elect of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., has received the degree of D. D. from Albion College.

—Rev. John J. Tigert, D. D., book editor of the M. E. Church, South, has received from the University of Missouri the honorary degree of LL. D.

—Bishop Andrews' official visit to and address before the Irish Wesleyan Conference received favorable comment from the English papers.

—Bishop Nide writes to the *Christian Advocate* that he reached Yokohama, June 4, in good health, and would spend a few days with Rev. J. Soper in Hakodate.

—Miss L. G. Hale, of our mission at Trun Hsu, North China, who has been absent at her post since 1888, has returned for a vacation to her home in West Newbury, Mass.

—Rev. Jackson Milligan, a Baptist minister of Crittenden County, Ky., has been convicted of heresy because he taught the doctrine of sanctification. His license has been revoked.

—Rev. M. Ishizaka, who soon returns to Japan to preach under the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has received the hard-earned degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University.

—Rev. John Reid Shannon, of Grace Church, Denver, Col., has declined the honorary degree of D. D. conferred on him by the American Temperance University at its recent Commencement.

—Prof. John R. Todd, of Wilmington Conference Academy, having recently returned from Oxford, England, where he has spent a year with the masters of the classical languages, is renewing his friendships in New England.

—Rev. George A. Phinney writes: "For the last two years I have tried to have my post-office address, which I inserted as Dorchester in my report to Conference, published as Dorchester instead of Mattapan. Some one has made the change this year, thereby delaying my correspondence directed according to our Minutes a whole mail. Today a card inviting me to the funeral services at Mt. Auburn of the widow of my beloved teacher, Dean Latimer, did not reach me until the time of the service for the above reason. I should have been present at Mt. Au-

burn as president of the class of 1883 and as a personal friend. Please ask the brethren to remember that my address is Dorchester."

—Mr. J. D. Slayback, the well-known New York layman, has completed twenty-five years of faithful service as superintendent of Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, New York city.

—Mr. E. C. Walden, son of Bishop Walden, who during the past year made a fine record as professor of science in Rust University, is now pursuing a post-graduate course in biology at the Summer School at Wood's Hall.

—The Baroness Langenan, of Vienna, who has been much persecuted because she is a Methodist, recently spoke at a meeting of the West London Mission and presented it with a necklace worth \$10,000, to be sold for the benefit of the Mission.

—In the proceedings of the American Institute of Instruction, held last week at Bethlehem, N. H., we notice that Rev. P. D. Blakelee, D. D., principal of East Greenwich Academy, R. I., gave "an exceedingly able and interesting paper" on "Character Building in Academies."

—Rev. Geo. J. Newton, formerly from Coventry, Vt., and later a supply in the Vermont Conference, has been spending the last year in study in Boston University, and is now suffering from a serious inflammation of the eyes, being nearly blind in consequence. Much sympathy will be felt for him.

—Rev. G. F. Arms and wife, after six years of successful missionary work in Chile, during which time Mr. Arms has been at the head of Bishop Taylor's schools at Concepcion, and also pastor of the American Church, have returned to the States for a rest. Their post-office address will be Richford, Vt., and they will doubtless be available for camp-meetings and other assemblies where stirring missionary addresses are needed.

—A correspondent, writing to us of Mother Walt (widow of the late Rev. Daniel Walt, of the New England Conference), who died at her home in Peabody, June 14, says: "She was a woman of deep piety, of a sweet and lovable nature, and of abounding self-sacrifice. All the churches Mr. Walt served loved her dearly, and in the towns where she spent her last days she was highly esteemed."

—Rev. Henry Matthews died at the parsonage, North Andover, July 13, at 5 A. M., of cancer of the liver, aged 57 years. Mr. Matthews had not been in firm health for some time. He was quite ill on Monday last, slightly better on Tuesday and Wednesday, but became worse on Wednesday night, and from then to his decease he suffered intensely. He leaves an invalid widow and one daughter, who need the prayers of the church. The funeral occurred on Monday last at 1:30.

—Rev. W. Morley, the new president of the General Conference of the Australasian Methodist Church, went to New Zealand in 1883, having been previously accepted for the ministry by the English Conference. In 1879 he was elected president of the New Zealand Conference, and was called to the chair of that Conference a second time in 1884. In 1888 Mr. Morley very effectively represented Australasian Methodism at the English Conference. In 1891 he was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference at Washington.

—The text of Dr. R. F. Horton's first sermon (preached at the age of 18) was from Ecclesiastes: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." "How like early youth!" muses the pastor of Lyndhurst-road Church, dropping for the moment into the octogenarian mood. "At eighteen we hurry to the end and sum up things in the most approved dogmas. At thirty-eight we find ourselves at the beginning, tollsomenly and yet eagerly content with certain apparently small results of thought, and life, and prayer."

—Mr. F. W. Whitney, of Leominster, passed to the heavenly home, July 9, aged 69 years. "For over forty years he has been a pillar of strength to our church in that town, carrying its interests upon his heart and contributing most liberally both thought and money for its success. His bereaved family have the prayerful sympathy of all in their great sorrow. The funeral services were held on Thursday, conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. H. Talmage, assisted by Revs. John Peterson, J. H. Mansfield, D. D., W. B. Toulmin, and C. W. Wilder, former pastors.

—Bays the *Central*: "St. Louis Methodism was bereaved last week of one of its ornaments and factors in the decrease of Mr. John Edgar Reynolds, who died on Sunday, July 1, at the age of 96. He was born of good Methodist stock in Pennsylvania, came West some time in the fifties, and after spending a few years in Keokuk, removed to St. Louis in 1865, where he has remained ever since. He was at first in the employ of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad company, but for the past twenty-five years he has served the Vandall system (as contracting freight agent) with assiduous devotion and increasing skill."

—The *Christian Advocate* says: "Professor Robert W. Rogers, Ph. D., D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, will sail on the 'Trave,' July 31. He goes to Oxford to visit Professor Sayce and attend the meetings of the Anthropological Section of the British Association. He is also the delegate of the American Philosophical Society to the tenth International Congress of Orientalists at Geneva, where he is to read a paper on 'A New Manuscript of the Pirke Aboth.' At the ninth congress, held in London in 1892, Professor Rogers was honorary secretary

of the Assyrio-Babylonian Section, and was then chosen member of the next congress, which is now to be held in Geneva, Sept. 3-12."

—President J. W. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University, who is visiting this city and is heartily welcomed by his many friends, looked in upon us last week.

—We very much regret, on account of absence, the privilege of meeting our long-time and highly-valued friend, Samuel Huntington, of Burlington, Vt., who called at the office last week.

—James Hurd, aged 70 years, while passing from one car to another on a train from Boston, July 14, just before its arrival at the station in Lowell, fell to the ground, fracturing his skull. He died in a few minutes. He resided at 15 Bellevue Street, Lowell, and was manager of a summer hotel at Pigeon Cove, Rockport, Mass.

—The State convention of the New Hampshire Prohibitionists was held at Weirs, N. H., July 12, and Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of Tilton, was nominated for governor. We wish that it were possible to elect him governor of the Granite State. We should then expect some reformatory and aggressive work done in that commonwealth.

—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D., writing from London for the *Evangelist*, says: "It has always been my custom to spend a Saturday afternoon with Mr. Spurgeon whenever I was in London. Last Saturday, by the invitation of Mrs. Spurgeon and her son, Thomas, I went down to their beautiful home at 'Westwood,' near the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and had a most cordial reception. When I went into the deserted study and saw the empty arm-chair in which the glorious man had sat for so many years, I could not keep back the tears. Mrs. Spurgeon wept also when, after a few words of prayer, I bade her farewell. I was greatly charmed with Thomas Spurgeon's modest manliness and hearty cordiality. He looks like his illustrious father, except that he is a trifle taller; and has made a noble beginning in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His trumpet has the true ring."

—The funeral service of the late Mrs. Anna R. Latimer, who died at Andover, Mass., Sunday, July 8, was held at the chapel in Mt. Auburn Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon, July 10. The chapel was filled with relatives and friends from Andover, Boston, and Boston University, where her husband was professor and the distinguished Dean of the School of Theology for many years. The service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. T. W. Bishop, assisted by Rev. Drs. Wm. R. Clark and Geo. M. Steele. She was buried at Mt. Auburn beside her husband. Mrs. Latimer has for two years been the teacher of English at LaSall Seminary, and endeared herself to her colleagues and pupils by the most rare qualities which made her, to all who knew her, a wonderful woman, a woman of great sweetness and strength, an inspiration to young and old. LaSall will keenly feel its loss. She leaves one daughter, Elizabeth S., a sister and a brother.

Brieflets.

The *Epworth Herald* of July 14 is a bright and full educational number, with numerous illustrations.

Superintendent Byrnes, of the New York police, in a contribution to the current number of the *North American Review*, attributes "most of the crime committed in New York city to two causes—drink and environment." He believes that contaminating associations have greater influence than heredity.

The Baptists held their twelfth Congress at Detroit, November 13-15. Leading clergymen and educators will prepare papers.

Says the *London Baptist*: "A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a 'church letter' which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence, shouting: 'Oh, mamma, I have found your religion in your trunk!' There is a needle-like point in that story for a great many people. With far too many the neglected church letter comes to be about the only part of the old church life remaining. But surely a trunk is a poor, dark, mothly place for one's religion."

Revs. C. M. Melden, of Brockton, and W. J. Heath, of Hyde Park, will preach in the Tabernacle at Cottage City on Sunday, July 22. Dr. S. F. Upham will preach Sunday morning, July 29, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Dr. L. B. Bates, assisted by Rev. F. E. Harvey, of Maryland, will begin a "pentecostal week" on Monday, July 30, continuing over Sunday, Aug. 5. On Sunday, Aug. 12, Rev. Frank C. Haddock, of Maine, will preach in the interests of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. The regular camp-meeting begins Aug. 19 and closes Aug. 28. Among the preachers of the week are Bishops Foster and Thoburn, Dr. W. H. Milburn, of Washington, Dr. C. E. Miller, of New York, and Rev. M. S. Hughes, of Portland, Me.

At the recent session of the Wesleyan Conference of Australia these interesting facts were revealed: The strength of the churches within its jurisdiction is: 2,715 churches, 645 ministers, 4,792 local preachers, 84,167 members, 183,100 scholars, and 455,871 adherents. These totals include the missions. The increase of members

for the year was 2,484; the average increase during the last four years has been 2,718.

Over twenty-one years have passed since the University Extension movement started in Cambridge University, Eng. Appropriate notice was taken of this successful attainment of its majority by a convention held at the University of London week before last. Over this convention such noted men as the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Herschell, in turn, presided. Prof. Stuart estimated that there are now 100,000 Extension students in Great Britain alone. The movement took root in Belgium last year, and 3,900 have thus far been enrolled in that country. The discussions of the convention were devoted principally to the development of the movement by extending the courses of instruction and by recognizing advanced successes by higher certificates and possibly by the granting of some University degree.

The *Union Signal* is responsible for the following very significant statements: "In this country 2,500 women are practicing medicine, 378 preaching the Gospel, more than 6,000 managing post-offices, and over 3,000,000 earning independent incomes. Since 1880 the patent office has granted over 2,500 patents to women, and in New York city 27,000 women support their husbands."

A growing patience is, perhaps, the surest proof of love and the shortest road to unselfishness. There is in perfect patience a heroism not found on battle-fields. There are many kinds or developments of patience: patience of opinion, or the recognition of the intellectual rights of others; patience of pain, or the happy acceptance of the disagreeable; patience of waiting, or the willingness to do and go exactly as God directs. Patience is the opposite of intolerance, of complaint, and of hurry. It produces quietness, it implies meekness, it includes humility. It is the point at which to test high professions and to measure growth in grace.

The *Independent* says that "the article of Conybeare, in the October number of the *Expositor*, entitled, 'Aristion,' the Author of the Last Twelve Verses in Mark," is attracting deserved attention and discussion everywhere among New Testament scholars. Harnack, in the *Theol. Literaturzeitung* No. 22, gives a complete résumé of the article in question, and closes with the statement that the status of the question is such that skepticism on the basis of argument is not in place. Others, too, practically express their agreement with Conybeare."

He falls, and he alone, who is false to his ideal, who comes short of that which God has made possible to him. He who deliberately lowers his moral standard for the sake of so-called success, worldly success, makes the most fatal of all mistakes. He may not do any very bad things, he may be quite as good as the average of his class, but the one terrible fact remains—he has turned his back upon the light, he has not been true to his own particular revelation. He has lost something out of his life, for which no amount of pelf or human praise can be any compensation. The high aroma of genuine goodness is gone. Failure is written across his soul.

Deliberately turning the back upon truth fully seen by clearest light is in the most emphatic sense the sin against the Holy Ghost. It leaves no room for repentance through further enlightenment. It is entrance upon hopeless doom. We see not how any one can affirm with reference either to himself or anybody else that such a sin has been committed. It would be an "eternal sin." God only can decide as to its perpetration. Our business is to hope for the best and pour in more light, in the confident expectation that some new aspect of God's love will effect that change of heart which all previous revelations, of necessity partial, have failed to accomplish.

Some one has well said: "It is heaven on earth to have one's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." A lengthy essay on each of these essentials to true happiness would not exhaust them or do justice to their importance. If charity or love controls the thought so that nothing contrary thereto is admitted, if the soul is completely freed from worry by its calm, unwavering trust in a Heavenly Father, and if truth is sovereign in all one's intellectual operations so that nothing which savors of falsity or error is knowingly given any acceptance, life will be of a rare and royal quality such as might well be designated heaven upon earth.

The twelfth season of the Old South Lectures for Young People, given in the Old South Meeting House, Wednesday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, begins Aug. 1. The general subject is, "The Founders of New England," with the following eminent lecturers: Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, "William Brewster, the Elder of Plymouth;" Rev. William Elliot Griffiths, "William Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth;" Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge, "John Winthrop, the Governor of Massachusetts;" Mr. William R. Thayer, "John Harvard, and the Founding of Harvard College;" Rev. James De Normandie, "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians;" Rev. John Cotton Brooks, "John Cotton, the Minister of Boston;" President E. Benjamin Andrews, "Roger Williams, the Founder of Rhode Island;" Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, "Thomas Hooker, the Founder of Connecticut." To young and old alike these lectures will prove of the greatest value.

EPWORTH GUARDS.

Rev. Wilbur F. Berry.

THE editorial in the HERALD of Feb. 23, on "A Harmful Innovation," aroused in me a vigorous protest that I have vainly sought to suppress. The protest was not awakened by the assault on the Epworth Guards, but because the assault was uncandid, and because no proof was produced to sustain the charges.

It was uncandid, first, because it assumed for the Guards what none of its advocates claim, i. e., that the carrying of guns and swords aids in developing Christian manliness. It was uncandid, second, because it pictured the Guards as doing what no sensible pastor or advocate of the organization would permit: their marching into church as an "armed body of young men." Such a thing has never, to my knowledge, been done even on Memorial Sunday by the Grand Army or their escort.

The editorial declares the Epworth Guards "a most pernicious institution," "a vicious military feature," and that it is "out of harmony with the spirit of Christianity." "The church," it affirms, "is suffering from it, and it is hurtful to the Epworth League." But not an instance of its pernicious or vicious influence is given; nor is a single case cited where a church has suffered, or an Epworth League has been harmed by it. Hence these statements are entitled only to the weight of assertions unsupported by a single fact.

What is the farther proof advanced? It is asked, "How can the carrying of guns and swords—instruments of slaughter—aid in the development of Christian manliness?" It will suffice here to ask how the carrying of guns and swords hinders the development of Christian manliness? Can it be affirmed that it does? "Methodism," it is affirmed, "is set for the care of men's souls," and on this account has no business to meddle with such things. An application of this principle would rule out of Methodism many things now in, including quite a portion of the weekly contents of ZION'S HERALD, not excepting the editorials. But suppose the military feature puts souls under the care of Methodism that she could not otherwise reach, what then?

The movement does not commit the church to the policy of the Roman Catholic Church. As well charge that the deaconess movement commits Methodism to the policy of the Roman Catholic Church. If the Christian Church is frightened by such a bugaboo from making a proper use of what some one misuses, she will soon be robbed of all aggressiveness, and be ready for a hasty and decent burial.

But the strangest part of the editorial is the expressed fear that the Epworth Guards may "become a feeder to the State militia—that fearful maelstrom which has sucked down thousands of promising young men." Is there truth in the charge against the State militia? And if the charge is true, is it not the strongest argument for the organization in the church of the Epworth Guards? The second amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares "a well-regulated militia necessary to the security of a free State." Most of the State constitutions require a State militia. Militia, then, is a constitutional necessity. And if the militia is in the deplorable condition charged, has not the church a duty, a mission, to it? The call to foreign mission work is loud and importunate. Money and promising young men and women are sought and sent into degraded, depraved, heathen lands to Christianize the people. The voice of the Christian press urges upon the church the imperative duty of staying the insidious power of the fearful heathen maelstrom, by sending its choicest men and women into the awful flood to the work of rescue; but ZION'S HERALD lifts its voice in warning against a similar work in the "fearful State militia maelstrom" in our own land. Why should the editor be so greatly alarmed lest some Christian young men, through the Epworth Guards, enter the State militia? Is he willing to trust the young men in heathen lands, but not in the State militia? Does he think it more important or more hopeful to attempt to Christianize heathen lands than the State militia? Ought he not to urge the church to send her promising young men into the State militia until the whole organization is leavened and purified? Ought he not to welcome the Epworth Guards as a training school in the church for this church mission field? And ought he not, if consistent, to lift a warning voice against all instruction in our schools and colleges, in all studies bearing upon the science of government, lest our church schools become feeders of politics—"that

fearful maelstrom which has sucked down thousands of promising young men?"

Are the young men and boys in the Epworth League and Junior League in numbers proportionate to the young women and girls? The ratio of boys and young men to girls and young women in these organizations is about as one to four, or less. Where are the boys and young men, and how can the church reach them? Is the vital question of the times. The Epworth Guards—Boys' Brigade—is an attempt to reach the boys and young men. The military idea does captivate boys and young men. They can be brought into a church organization, within the reach and influence of that which aids in developing Christian manliness, by the use of the "military idea." All that is claimed for this "military idea" is that it brings within the influence of Christian training many who otherwise would not be reached. And if the young men and boys will not come in to the "supper," is it not in harmony with the spirit of Christianity for the church to "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in" even with the "military idea"? Are not Paul's words in I Cor. 9:19-22 a justification of the use of the "military idea," if it is a means to save some?

A Christian pastor in the city of Brooklyn talked with me for more than an hour about his Boys' Brigade. He was enthusiastic in its praise. It was conducted by an earnest, well-trained, Christian military officer. Boys from the street, homeless, worse than homeless, had been reached. Membership necessitated attendance at preaching service and Sunday-school, and among the most regular attendants at these services were the members of the Boys' Brigade. Week by week these boys were being led to Christ, and among their mates became recruiting officers for the Boys' Brigade—yes, missionaries for Christ. While he talked, I said to myself, "Oh, that I had an intelligent, Christian military officer in my church—I would have Epworth Guards!"

Is it unkind to say, Away with epithet writing and sweeping denunciation of plans born of Christian brains and hearts to meet a crying need, until some better plan is provided?

Let the church give the Epworth Guards a fair trial, and the movement will vindicate itself on its own merits, or be set aside by its own failure.

Waterville, Me.

QUEEN CITY LETTER.

"Cincinnati."

THERE is very little "doing," as John Bull says, in religious circles in Cincinnati, for the churches are suffering from a very general summer exodus.

St. John's Church has just closed a home camp-meeting that lasted a week, holding open-air services every night in front of the church, with a cornet and a cadet chorus to lead the singing.

Wesley Chapel is to have an annex this summer in a playground, created out of the old graveyard adjoining the church, where many of the pioneer Methodists were buried. The Crusaders, a band of eighteen young men, was organized as an outcome of a recent revival, and their first war has been waged against the debris in the lot. After clearing it, they built a high fence around it, and the grounds will be fitted up with seats for spectators and stocked with everything necessary for baseball, football, tennis and other games. All games and all improvements made are to become the permanent property of the church, and only about \$125 will be needed to properly equip the grounds, about \$50 of which is already in hand. Wesley Chapel has taken the initiative in copying the English idea of utilizing vacant spaces in cities for playgrounds, and it is to be hoped that at an early day every available foot of ground in the city will be occupied in the same way.

St. Paul's Church celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary a few weeks ago with a three days' jubilee. The chief features of the celebration were sermons by Rev. C. H. Payne, D. D., and Rev. H. B. Ridgway, D. D., both former pastors, a platform meeting presided over by Bishop Joyce, where the speeches were reminiscent in their character, and a reunion that took the shape of a reception and banquet. Its history of three-quarters of a century takes the church back to Brimstone Corner, that was evacuated later for Morris Chapel. In 1870 St. Paul's was built, taking rank as the foremost Methodist church in the city. In reporting the anniversary, the Western says: "The church starts out boldly for another quarter of a

century of service, and God only knows what Methodism shall be when St. Paul's comes to her centenary celebration." "Cincinnati" does not feel much concern for Methodism twenty-five years hence, but doubts whether St. Paul's faces the future with this imputed boldness. Rev. George K. Morris, D. D., with his exceptional pulpit abilities, has been able to sustain his congregations during his five years' pastorate at St. Paul's; but the church has had severe losses in membership and financially has been falling behind. It is a matter of great regret that Dr. Morris' call to Boston will take him out of the Conference in the fall. Cincinnati can ill afford the generosity she shows in furnishing Boston with such a triumvirate as Dr. Brodbeck, Dr. Banks and Dr. Morris. How does Boston propose to repay her obligations? Rev. I. M. Meeker, D. D., who was in the city a few weeks ago looking over the field, comes from Hackensack, N. J., to fill St. Paul's pulpit.

The coming events of the fall Conference are casting long shadows, and preachers and laymen are both having a hand in trying to shape the appointments for the coming year. There is a great deal of floating conjecture that may all be reversed when the Conference convenes.

It is rumored that Rev. C. W. Rishell, D. D., of Asbury Chapel, will accept a call to the presidency of Berea College, and that Rev. H. C. Weakley, D. D., will sever his connection as financial secretary of Christ's Hospital after having been phenomenally successful in his work in its behalf.

One of the local dailies announces that Rev. C. W. Barnes, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Springfield, O., has informed his congregation that he has requested his presiding elder to transfer him to another field of labor.

It is very probable that Rev. E. O. Buxton, who is completing his fifth year at Franklin Street Church, Cleveland, will be transferred to Avondale in the fall. Mr. Buxton has made a very successful record, and it is hoped that there will be no unforeseen hitch in effecting the transfer.

Walnut Hills is to be congratulated on the return of Dr. McCheaney from the South in very much improved health, and on the prospect of his probable return for the coming year.

At Lockland, Rev. Adam Bowers, D. D., will take a supernumerary relation in the fall, on account of impaired health, leaving his successor a strong church in a prosperous condition.

The probabilities point to a change in the eldership of the Cincinnati District, and Rev. E. H. Rust, D. D., is named for the office. With the growing disposition to regard the presiding eldership as a superfluous piece of mechanism, it is a question whether the church can afford to take a man like Dr. Rust, who hardly has a peer as a pastor in the Conference, out of the regular work, to put his shoulder to a fifth wheel. The plan of locating the elder at a church where his duties will not be exacting enough to prevent his looking after all the necessary requirements of the eldership, is finding favor in some quarters. Dr. Rust was down for the Hamilton District last fall before a committee of iconoclastic laymen succeeded in having it dropped, and was sent as the only alternative to Mt. Auburn, where he has been handicapped because he has had to divide the territory with a new German Methodist Church planted just a stone's throw away from his charge. Most of the Germans on Mt. Auburn are only nominally Germans, and there was no racial obstacle, save a German grandfather, in the way of their lending their strength to the church already occupying the ground. In the beginning German Methodism was simply an expedient to make Methodists of the Germans who had not been in this country long enough to have learned the language; but in these latter days it is becoming a hot-house to keep alive the German language and traditions. Every effort is made to keep the second and third generations from gravitating into the English churches. There is no valid reason why the primary classes in the Sunday-schools should be taught in German, why the Epworth Leagues should not unite in the mass meetings of the district, or why meetings of general interest should not be announced from the German pulpits. It is unfortunate, in view of the present tendencies, that the rift was made in creating separate German Conferences.

Buckeye Street German Church has a new \$34,000 edifice, and has rented its old building to the Salvation Army, who are ready to glean where the Methodists have failed

to garner. The Army have their headquarters in the old German Theatre, where our City Church Extension Society experimented with Sunday afternoon services, and are planning for a camp-meeting at Epworth Heights this summer, with a full brass band, after the Methodist camp has adjourned. In bidding the Army Godspeed, Methodism cannot afford to surrender any of her old vantage-ground.

WHY?

Rev. G. W. Russell.

READERS of World-Wide Missions must have been deeply impressed with the April number. Rev. W. N. Brewster's story of Hing Haa and the embarrassments occasioned by the rapid growth of his work in China must have caused every spark of Christian sympathy to flame for the relief of our foreign missions. His picture of open doors, eager multitudes, native workers, scanty means and a retreating church, was enough to stir sluggish souls. Providential openings promising large and immediate returns for small investments, are liable to be closed for want of a little more money. This courageous missionary is ready to sacrifice the interests of his family to provide the Gospel for the heathen, but unless relief shall come through our missionary treasury very soon, this distressing reduction of over one-ninth of his appropriation will necessitate the abandonment of the devotees and victims of idolatry to their dull, dark fate.

Similar paralysis is felt all along the line of our vast missionary operations, and the question naturally arises: Why this crippling of our forces at the far-off outposts of the work? Why this painful embarrassment of the heroic elements of our church who are out against the solid walls of pagan darkness bravely battling for life and humanity? Is it because the benevolent feelings of our church are allowed to slumber? Is it because we have failed to make fervid appeals to the instincts of pure benevolence which must exist in every believer's heart? Doubtless this is a general explanation.

Yet is there not a subordinate but more or less vital and direct cause in the liberal appropriations for our home work? In New Hampshire and other old Conferences is not some of this precious missionary money misapplied? That we have some poor charges which need a little help, no one questions; but when churches can pay their pastors from \$500 to \$800, or even more, why pile above this a generous missionary portion? It may be all right, but some of us cannot understand why churches which pay from \$300 to \$500 should struggle and pinch to raise a little missionary money to go to ministers who receive two dollars for every dollar paid to their own hard-working, diligent preacher. All would be willing to economize and practice self-denial to help such men as Mr. Brewster, Bishop Taylor, any of our self-sacrificing foreign missionaries or pioneers on the frontier; for their fresh, growing needs appeal to the real benevolent impulses of the church, to the tenderest and strongest emotions of the human heart. But how can we appeal with any intelligent ardor to working girls, poor widows, and barefoot children, to contribute their mite if it is to go to already well-fed ministers in New England and elsewhere? If it is according to the principles and spirit of true benevolence to withhold aid from the degraded, ignorant and despairing victims of a cruel and fatal religion, mutely pleading for the light and bread of life, and at the same time assist quite generously old fields abounding in wealth and splendid materials for useful converts, then it seems necessary for us to reconstruct our theories of benevolence upon a new code of ethics. Why should we not be satisfied with a living compensation at home, or even suffer through scant support in order to push an army of waiting missionaries far out into the opening regions of heathenism's hopeless night?

Methodism was never created for retrenchment or retreat. After a splendid century of aggressiveness, why sit down in selfish ease before open doors?

Marlboro, N. H.

Ayer's
PILLSReceived
Highest AwardsAT THE
World's FairAS
THE BEST
Family
PHYSIC

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Rough Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Conferences.

New England Conference.

Boston South District.

South Boston, St. John's.—The Epworth League conducted a temperance meeting at Morgan Chapel, Boston, one evening of last week.

Wollaston.—The pastor's son and namesake, Chas. W. Wilder, Jr., has been attending Adams Academy, Quincy, the past year. He received the first prize for scholarship, also the prize for the best translation from Cicero into English.

Boston North District.

Sterling Camp-ground.—Rev. A. F. Herriek is serving as chaplain for the seventh year. Public services began for this season July 8, with a sermon by Mr. Herriek.

Boston East District.

Crescent Beach.—Rev. J. E. Waterhouse, pastor, took part in the recent convention of "Open Air Workers," held here June 28. Drs. Gordon and Plumb delivered addresses.

Asbury Grove Camp-ground.—Over three hundred were present at the Sunday-school last Sunday. At 2:30 P. M., Dr. L. B. Bates preached to a congregation of more than seven hundred people upon "The Great Reformation." About 150 families are people of the grounds. Many people of other denominations stopping near the camp attend the Sabbath services.

N. E. Southern Conference.

Providence District.

June 17 was an interesting day in Mansfield Church, Mansfield, when the pastor, Rev. C. E. Beale, preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the high school, superintendent, school committee and teachers of the public schools. Three persons have recently been received on probation at Mansfield and 3 also at Foxboro. Two were received into full membership at Mansfield, July 1, and one at Foxboro. The Stoughton Epworth League entertained pleasantly the Mansfield League, June 28. The occasion was a delightful one. During the absence of the pastor in August the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. D. P. Leavitt.

The average attendance of the Sunday-school in Woonsocket for the last quarter is the largest in its history. At the close of last year the pastor, Rev. J. Oldham, called the attention of the church to the fact that more men than women attended the class-meetings; but this is no longer true, the women now take the lead. Dr. F. D. Blackwell's illustrated lecture on "Venice," given in this church some time since, was richly enjoyed by all who heard it. The Epworth League of this church is a live institution and does much to help the church financially as well as spiritually and intellectually. League anniversary day was celebrated May 15. The pastor preached to the young people in the morning from the subject "Men Wanted," and in the evening an excellent program was provided and executed by the local chapter. Mr. Oldham spends the entire summer with his people, with the exception of a few days' attendance at the camp-meetings. During the month of June five children were baptized.

Children's Day was a decided success at the church in Attleboro. In the morning the pastor, Rev. G. E. Brigham, spoke on "The Pilgrims at Plymouth." In the evening the concert was attended by seven hundred persons. Mr. Brigham gave the address before the graduating class of the grammar school. The Sunday-school is constantly growing, so that the problem now is how to take care of the many who are thronging hither. Already several classes meet in the audience-room of the church. F. W. Lincoln is the superintendent. Excellent congregations attend the preaching service and frequently there are two hundred present at the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting. This vigorous church is doing a grand work for God and the community.

The Epworth League connected with Haverhill Church, East Providence, gave a reception a few weeks since to Rev. C. E. Beale, of Mansfield, president of the Epworth Leagues of the Providence District. The attendance was large. After the reception the president gave an interesting address. There were also musical and literary exercises succeeded by a collection. The occasion was one of real interest and profit to the local League.

Norwich District.

The next session of the Ministerial Association is to be at Stafford Springs in October, and the district convention of the Epworth League is to be held at South Manchester.

The Barnside Methodist Church receives a legacy from Mrs. Martha Olmsted, which will enable them to remove the debt from their new church. It will amount to at least \$4,000, and may possibly reach as high as \$5,000.

The church property at Moodus has lately been improved by the addition of a barn, making the parsonage and its surroundings an attractive home for the preacher. Pastor Newell and family take a short trip to Woodstock, Vt., where he has a pleasant and productive farm. Each year he spends a few weeks there. He has entirely recovered from his attack of nervous prostration. Mrs. Sarah Smith, widow of the late Rev. Hefson Smith, of this Conference, has been recently successfully treated for a rose cancer by Dr. V. S. Cook, of Moodus. She naturally feels deeply grateful to the skillful physician who has so successfully coped with this dreaded disease, usually considered incurable. As a specialist in this line the doctor is thoroughly endorsed by his pastor, Rev. W. U. Newell.

The Glendale (R. I.) Epworth League had a great clam-bake on the 4th of July at Herring Pond in Siles Harding's grove by Sandy Beach. The numbers in attendance were large in spite of counter attractions of public and private clam-bakes in other parts of the town. Athletic sports, boating and bathing added to the pleasures of the day. Commendations of the enterprise and the success of the League in this undertaking show the common sentiment of the townspeople.

At Greene, R. I., the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage for Children's Day by the ladies of the society. The sermon in the morning was to the children, who were seated together, the pastor, Rev. C. B. Bromley, speaking to them, literally from a garden of flowers. The evening concert was a new feature of church work for that place and attracted a congregation too large for the capacity of the

house. Many came a distance of several miles. Sunday, June 3, was observed as Memorial Day. Members of the G. A. R. and other veterans of the war from Phoenix, R. I., had been invited and attended to the number of 180. After appropriate religious services in the cemetery and decoration of the graves of comrades, services were held in the Methodist church. The pastor preached the sermon. The congregation numbered over 450. Remarks were also made on the occasion by Messrs. Harris, Moon, and McGregor.

The Williamette Junior League has recently purchased a fine map of Palestine at a cost of \$4, for the use of the Sunday-school. They have also secured and paid for a pew in the church for the use of strangers at public worship. On it they have placed a card with the inscription: "Junior League Pew—Welcome." July 1, the pastor, Rev. O. W. Scott, received 7 persons into full connection and 7 by certificate. Four have recently been received to probation. One of these was a converted German Catholic.

The people of Moosup showed their appreciation of the return of Rev. E. P. Phareser by a surprise and presentation of a mammoth May-basket one evening in May. The Sunday-school and other departments of the church were represented in the affair. One hundred and fifty persons filled the parsonage. The basket contained offerings both substantial and artistic, and also a purse of money. Children's Day was observed by an illustrated sermon to the children on "Ante," and by an excellent concert in the evening, using the program of the "Board." Four children were baptized. The first Sunday in June four persons were received into full connection, 2 were baptized, and 1 received to probation. June 24, 2 were baptized and received in full connection. The Epworth League anniversary exercises were held on May 20, a very choice program having been prepared by the president. The Ideal League was the last subject presented in an address by the former president, T. W. Brown. It was full of inspiration; he spoke, as it was remarked, as though he were never to address the League again, and so it proved. He was then on the brink of the eternal world. He was taken with pleurisy, and in three weeks passed away. The church and Sunday-school and all departments of work in the church thus lose a most intelligent and active layman. He was an excellent business manager, and always ready with the most hearty and spirited exhortations and prayers in the social meetings of the church. During his sickness he gave the most confident assurances of his faith in Christ. His family are greatly afflicted by this blow, and the church and community sadly feel their loss.

W. J. Y.

New Hampshire Conference.

Dover District.

The work of Evangelist Jackson at Dover was profitable, largely increasing the working force of the churches and greatly adding to their vigor and efficiency. A large class of young Christians has been organized by Pastor Collier for special drill in Christian life and work.

At Moultonville, July 1, the presiding elder administered baptism to four candidates. The work here is prospering and the people are confident of continued victory, as they also are at North Wakefield, only eleven miles away, where Pastor Hooper holds a Sunday afternoon service with good attendance and interest.

Tuftsboro, like Jerusalem of old, is beautiful for situation, and here July 8, 5 persons were dedicated to God's service in holy baptism and 3 received into the church from probation.

The same afternoon, at East Wolfboro, only ten miles distant, a goodly congregation awaited the coming of Pastor Russell with the presiding elder for a preaching and sacramental service.

Wolfboro Junction touched the line of victory in the work of Sunday evening, July 8, 12 tearfully confessing their need of Christ and being aided by the pastor and his helpers into personal acquaintance with the Lord.

At Brookfield Hills the same spirit prevails—and "still there's more to follow."

Third Church, Haverhill, has lately received 4 by letter and 4 from probation, and 2 have been received on probation. The chapel is too small for the people, and they are anxiously looking for the time when they can enter the new church.

Salisbury is marching on—12 persons having been baptized since Conference by Pastor Webster. July 1, 5 were received on probation, 2 into full membership from probation, and 3 by letter.

East Hampstead is undelayed by hard times and is moving for the erection of a chapel building for the accommodation of the people who attend service now in large numbers at the school-house.

G. W. N.

Manchester District.

The Epworth League at Claremont, organized at Conference time, now numbers 54 members and is doing excellent work. The quarterly conference was changed its financial plan and adopted the disciplinary method, trustees and stewards having each their share of the work. Nearly all of the more than \$1,700 necessary to carry on the work has been provided either in payments or the weekly-offering. Large congregations are present each Sabbath, and earnest prayers are going up for a revival.

Rev. P. M. Frost is much pleased at Newport, and the people of Newport are pleased with Mr. Frost. The newly-purchased parsonage makes a delightful home. The pastor notes a gradual improvement in the services, and all are very hopeful for a successful year.

The people of Newport, without regard to denomination, are greatly afflicted in the death of Dr. Sanborn. While he was a member of the Congregational Church, he was very popular among all classes as a successful physician and a man whose presence in the sick-room was a benediction. He was only 41 years of age.

Rev. Irad Taggart has entered heartily into his work at North Charlestown and West Unity. The people are much pleased. The parsonage has undergone a great transformation. Paint, paper, and whitewash cover a multitude of streaks.

North Grantham was left as a charge by itself this year, to be supplied by Rev. G. A. Tyrrell. Pastor and people are well suited, and for a small corner of the vineyard there is some encouragement. The parsonage is to be repaired soon after having time. The claim will not be large, but it is very satisfactory to all concerned.

Grantham and West Springfield were united at the last Conference and Rev. G. B. Goodrich placed in charge. The society at Springfield was

a new one. The pastor has found a home in this village in part of the house of Sister Howard, widow of the late Rev. Lewis Howard. They have an excellent congregation here, an average of 45 in the Sunday-school, well-attended prayer and class-meetings, and all are hopeful for a good work of grace. A fine spiritual interest prevails at Grantham. Recently two have asked prayers. The people are widely scattered, so that to attend to the pastoral work requires many miles of travel every week—more than ninety miles being traveled recently between Sundays. A lover of rugged scenery can find much of it here.

It is hoped the effort to erect a covering at the stand on the Claremont camp-ground in time for the meetings this season will be successful. A committee is at work to raise the funds.

St. Luke's, Derry, is arranging to build a vestry, either by raising the church or building in the rear. The latter will be much the better plan.

Much satisfaction is expressed at Canaan and Canaan Street over the appointment of Rev. D. W. Downs as pastor. His congregations are increasing. About \$20 have been expended on the parsonage in repairs, and more is to be done later in the season. This is a large field to cultivate. The outlying districts give a territory that two or more men ought to occupy. For many miles Mr. Downs is the only pastor. On a recent Sunday he rode thirty miles to attend a funeral, and in doing so had to omit the services at both churches in Canaan. We cannot interfere with death, and have hard work to do so with the time of holding funerals, but it hardly seems that any pastor should be asked to disappear two congregations on the Sabbath to go into a town not in his charge for a funeral. Especially if it could be held on another day. Yet this is often asked, and great complaint made if it is not granted.

The "first round" of visitation is now completed. The satisfaction over the appointments is as nearly universal as is ever likely to be. This is true not only of the people, but of the pastors. In every case where a change has occurred the quarterly conference has voted to pay the moving expenses of the pastor. These have ranged from \$2 or \$3 to \$32. At West Unity and West Springfield the brethren paid the bill before the matter was brought to their attention in the conference. It should be done as soon as the pastor reaches the charge. It will be when the churches get used to it. They are quite ready to do their duty.

Rev. D. E. Burns, a student at Tilton, is the supply at Wilmet. He is doing faithful and conscientious work on a somewhat sterile soil.

The new pastor at Enfield, Rev. C. N. Tilton, has been very kindly received, and his labors are greatly enjoyed. He has three preaching places, and gives careful attention to each one. Having neither horse nor bicycle, he has to do much of his traveling on foot. The financial interests are in a healthy condition, and everything looks hopeful for a year of unusual success.

Lebanon "took time by the forelock" and provided for their finances before the close of the last year, having all their money on subscription. As a result, when the first quarterly conference came, every bill was paid to date and some money in the treasury. Everything is peaceful and prosperous. They offered the pastor a three weeks' vacation at such time as he desires to take it.

Several serious blunders occur in the recent issue of the *District News*. The proof was read during our absence by the expert in the office who is supposed to decipher all the hieroglyphics that ever come in copy. Besides the incorrect initials of several names, the statement is made that the ladies of Chesterfield gave ten braided rugs to the district parsonage. They did give two, but not ten. Also they inserted a year-old advertisement of the Conference Seminary. We shall give the next number a personal inspection.

East Maine Conference.

Bucksport District.

Edmunds.—Rev. S. S. Gross was appointed to this charge by the last Conference, and has taken up the work of the year with his accustomed faith in God and determination to do all in his power to advance the cause of Christ among the people. Already there are tokens of victory for the Master. At one point on the charge the congregation has doubled, interest in social services is increasing, souls are seeking the Saviour, and believers are pressing on in the way and drawing nearer to God. The people of this charge feel that no mistake has been made in sending Mr. Gross to them, and they are doing what they can to make his stay pleasant. We notice some much-needed improvements and repairs on the parsonage and property.

Pembroke.—Here Rev. E. S. Gahan has taken up his abode and is doing his Master's work. The year opens well. Large congregations greet the pastor at every point on the charge and many words of commendation were heard in regard to the pastor's work thus far. Everything looks encouraging for a year of hard and faithful work. Much-needed repairs have been made on the interior of the parsonage since Conference.

Perry.—Rev. N. J. Jones has received a cordial welcome among the people of this charge, and although this is the first time that the people have had a preacher live among them for many years, and the number of faithful souls is small, yet we are confident there are enough to do a valiant work for the Lord. The year opens well.

Robbinston and North Perry.—Rev. J. D. McGraw is just recovering from a severe "pounding." A few evenings ago the parsonage was invaded by a large number of people, who at once took possession, and when they left the pastor was nearly 40 better off than when they came. One was baptized at a recent quarterly meeting. The prospect is good for a successful year.

Calais, Knight Memorial.—Rev. A. S. Ladd is in labors abundant, and already there are omens of victory for the Master. Good congregations and increasing numbers in attendance at Sunday-school and the social services cause the pastor to feel that the harvest is ripening and that there is much work to be done in marshaling the hosts and leading on in the way of life. Already Mr. Ladd is getting a firm hold of the people, and we hear many warm words of appreciation of his efforts to help this society. The parsonage has received many repairs, thus making it more convenient and pleasant. Besides the regular work of the church Mr. Ladd has been called to make an address on Memorial Day, and to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July. Both invitations were accepted and able

addresses given. Children's Day was observed, and a very interesting concert was given in the evening.

Calais, First Church.—Rev. J. H. Irvine returns to this charge to take up the work for the fifth year. Everything seems to indicate that it will be a prosperous year for the church. A strong and spiritual church, a good Sunday-school, and an earnest desire on the part of all to glorify God, seems to be the condition of affairs at the very opening of the year. Two were recently baptized, and \$125 worth of books have been added to the Sunday-school library since the last quarterly meeting.

Alexander.—Rev. B. W. Russell, the newly-appointed pastor of this charge, is proving himself to be the man for the place. Good congregations and a fair degree of interest in church

(Continued on page 13.)

For Nervous Exhaustion

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. Edwin P. Voss, Portland, Me., says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

NO SOLE, NO SEWING, NO STITCHING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF.

\$4.50 FINE CALF, KANGAROO.

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.

\$2.17 2. BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.

\$1.32 2. LADIES' BEST DONOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

FOR SALE.

PEWS of the Portland St. Church, Haverhill

A bargain if bought at once. About 1,000 feet.

Address O. D. YOUNG, Chairman Com., 15 Fleet St., Haverhill, Mass.

DOES YOUR HAIR FALL OUT?

Is it getting thin?—Is it falling in volume? If so, I can help you. If totally bald, do not write. Select family patronage for 10 years. If interested, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Miss Rachel T. Wyatt, Oatville, Mass.

For Cleaning Silver

there are many articles, good and bad—mostly bad—and but one best, and that is

SILVER

ELECTRO-SILICON

POLISH

Nearly a million housekeepers say it's best; once tried, you'll so decide.

Try quantity for the asking or box post-paid, 15¢ each by check or money order.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 John St., New York

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE DEALER'S PROFIT

AND AGENTS' PROFITS.

Buy our Oxford Road Bicycle, suitable for either sex, made of best material, strong, substantial, accurately adjusted and fully warranted. Write to-day for our large complete catalogue of bicycles, parts, repairs, etc.

FREE OXFORD MFG. CO. 222 Webster Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE

A new 144 gold plate watch to every reader of this paper.

Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, highly finished, gold-plated watches, approved for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any you have seen, we will send it to you for 10 days, and if you are not satisfied, we will return it to us, and you will not be bound to accept it. Write at once, as we shall send out tonight for 40 days only. Address THE NATIONAL WATCH & IMPORTING CO., 224 Chambers St., Chicago, Ill.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.

THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. ALWAYS RELIABLE.

D. S. WILTHEIMER, 225 N. 2d St., Phila., Pa.

AARON R. GAY & CO.,

Stationers and Bank Book

Manufacturers.

ACCOUNT BOOKS

Of any desired pattern made to order.

123 State St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH REMODELING.

THOMAS W. BILLOWAY, Church Architect, No. 18 Park St., Room 4, Opp. Prov. B. R. Station.

Mr. Billoway's long practice in remodeling churches enables him to save and utilize all the valuable parts of an edifice, and for a comparatively small outlay produce a building preferable in most respects to a new one of much greater cost. He proposes to continue this work as a specialty, and tenders his services to committees who would practice economy, and where the means are limited. A visit to the premises will be made, and an opinion and advice given, on receipt of a letter or request.

THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 11.)

Our Book Table.

Roger Williams: The Pioneer of Religious Liberty. By Oscar S. Straus. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$1.25.

In our colonial history Roger Williams was a unique and picturesque character. Though belonging to a great social movement in favor of civil and religious liberty, he possessed a marked individuality and acted as a disturbing force in whatever community he came to reside. The elements of the agitator were born in him, and he found it the easiest matter, by the most simple utterances, to disturb the even flow of public thought. His words, however harmless they seemed to be, set men's teeth on edge. He acted as a magnet among iron filings; the mass was moved, and some clung tenaciously to the ideas of the agitator. Those he failed to make close friends were sure to be mortal enemies. A medial course was unknown to him; in whatever he undertook he was sure to be in the extreme.

This extreme personality dropped down among the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay in the height of the immigration. He furnished the acid which created an immediate effervescence. All men realized the presence of a foreign body, though not all were able to comprehend the significance of its advent. At Massachusetts Bay the doctrines of liberty in their higher expression were held implicitly; they were bound up in larger conceptions and contained in statements the full meaning of which had not been brought out in set and regulation phrase. The people felt the whole and meant it, though they had not advanced far enough to be able to say it, or indeed fully to conform their conduct to the highest requirements of liberty. They were in the process, reaching on toward the goal. Roger Williams gave a voice to the great thought struggling in the bosom of Puritanism, boldly asserting the right to think and act in religious matters without the interference of the magistrate. He emphasized the importance of a complete separation between the Church and the State—a doctrine which came to be accepted in all colonies, and which was placed in the foundations of the republic.

Though Roger Williams possessed a marked individuality, his life can never be understood when studied aside from the intellectual and moral movement of which he formed a part. The Reformation and Puritanism were great intellectual landmarks; the individual actions were small when compared with the aggregate. Though Williams stood on the front edge of the slide, he was a part of it, and his doctrines would have no significance out of this connection. It seems to us to be the fault of many who have written of the founder of Providence, to have considered him too much as an independent force. However far advanced, he belonged to his age and to the Puritan movement of the seventeenth century. He would have been nothing outside of it. The age created him; he did not create the age—a truth men are apt to forget in writing the life of so striking a personality. The author of this new life is not entirely free from this fault.

Though one of our colonial landmarks, surprisingly little is known of Roger Williams. The facts we know can be counted on the fingers of one hand. He came out of the haze of tradition and ere long disappeared in it. Out of these scanty and often unsubstantial materials his biographers are obliged to draw their data. There is no contemporary biography. It was not until 1824 that Prof. James D. Knowles published a life of Williams. This was followed in 1846 by the smaller memoir by Prof. William Gannett. These admirable pieces of biography were supplemented, in 1852, by Rev. Dr. Romeo Elton's life of the founder of Rhode Island. The three Lives have long been out of print; and, in the meantime, some new material has been discovered, of which Mr. Straus has availed himself. The new accumulations are not, of course, large, though they make some things in the life of that remarkable man somewhat clearer. A bundle of letters to Mrs. Badlier, a daughter of Sir Edward Coke, the records from the Charter House and Pembroke College, together with gleanings from the Rhode Island records, make the main part of the new material. Mr. Straus has made good use of the new matter, which he has sifted and reduced to form in a careful and animated record of Roger Williams, the pioneer of religious liberty.

Discourses and Addresses. By George Douglas. D. D., LL. D. Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal, Canada. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Dr. George Douglas, the evangelical preacher, the eloquent orator, and a foremost leader in Canadian Methodism, has passed within the veil. Though we shall not be permitted to see him in the flesh again, or to hear the organ tones of a voice which delighted multitudes in both hemispheres, we are favored, in this book, with some of his rare sermons and addresses. Though they come without the charm of his personality, they are not, like most deliveries of the sort, mere dead and refuse matter. Their vitality endures the hard test of print. The touch of the printed page is quickening, and revives in the reader something of the old enthusiasm. We quite agree with Bishop Foster that the discourses and addresses in this volume "will be read with entrancing interest by many loving admirers in two hemispheres. They sparkle in every line with poetic genius and Christian fervor, and every page is freighted with the ripe results of culture and scholarship."

The volume opens with notes of introduction

by William Arthur, Bishop Foster and Dr. Potts. Then follows a brief and appreciative biographical sketch of this blind Christian orator. The selections from his discourses and addresses are all brilliant and masterful. In considering the marvelous endowments and sublime destiny of man his imagination flames and mounts to the very throne of the universe; his utterances thrill and surprise the reader at each paragraph; and cause him to feel as never before the grandeur of the creature God made a little lower than the angels of heaven. As an Arminian and Wesleyan he naturally magnified the glory of Christ, in whom humanity culminated and formed a point of union with the Divine. The God-man was at once the hope of the human race and the most expressive revelation of the divine glory. In such transcendent themes as these the imagination of Dr. Douglas found full scope and freedom and moved forth over the fields of nature, providence and grace with expanded and facile wing. The preacher who wishes to find striking passages will not fail to turn to this choice volume for a sheaf of steel-tipped arrows.

The Wedding Garment: A Tale of the Life to Come. By Louis Pendleton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.

In men's attempts to know the unknowable, or to realize the conditions of the future state, they have perpetrated many bits of fiction, but these have come mostly in the shape of bodies of divinity, popular sermons, and pious meditations for the closet. The novelist has kept closer to the earth, using his genius in depicting phases of human life and society; the real has furnished the conditions under which his imagination was to work out its problems and to produce its new creations. Mr. Pendleton has made a more ambitious flight; his genius has pulled aside the curtain and enabled us to note the new conditions on the other side. The wide landscape, rather than a few rays of light through the gates ajar, is opened to the reader's view. In this Swedenborgian fantasy he has reproduced a world so like our own, in its material and moral conditions, that he must have sometimes doubted whether he had really died and gone to the abode of the blessed.

Perleycross. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.75.

Those who have read "Lorna Doone" will be in haste to enter upon this new novel, which possesses many of the qualities of the earlier one which was received with so much favor by the best part of the reading public. The scene of this new story is laid in Devon, one of the most charming of English counties. The descriptions of both scenery and life are true to nature, and the main characters are drawn with force and beauty. The reader is able to look into the little world in which they dwell. Dr. Fox and Sir Thomas Waldron's daughter, the main persons in the story, are felicitously presented, and conducted on to the close with rare skill. The death of Sir Thomas threatened to snap the trail thread of the story. A mysterious crime revives the interest, and the credulous folk of Perleycross not only believe the crime has been committed, but that Dr. Fox is the guilty party. The interest then becomes intense, and holds the attention of the reader to the last chapter. The narrative becomes so real that one is sometimes led to doubt whether he has not seen the things described with his own eyes. This novel must take its place beside the author's earlier work as one of the classics of English fiction.

My Summer in a Mormon Village. By Florence A. Merriam. Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston. Price, \$1.

"My Summer" is a delightful little book, written in an easy though elegant style, and giving evidence of the author's love of nature and capacity for description. Her pictures of life, animal and vegetable, in the basin of the Great Salt Lake, and sketches of scenery on the lake shore and under the shadow of the great Wahatch range, are at once strange and delightful. Unusual things are made familiar to us. To the birds and grasses of the desert, to the rugged mountain crag, to the waterfall and the lake at the foot of the mountain, her pen lends a peculiar charm. With her descriptions of nature are given vivid touches of the peculiar social life in a Mormon village, located on the edge of the great Lake. The volume makes good summer reading for odd moments, either at home or abroad.

Fastime Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.25.

In the busy age into which we have come, the short story has superseded the long one. Brevity is more and more indispensable in securing the attention of the reading public. Whatever may have been true in the age of Sir Walter Scott or Charles Dickens, the two-volume novelist of today must possess rare merit to secure a hearing. In this volume Mr. Page has catered to the prevailing taste, and, instead of giving a single story, he has provided twenty-two short and crisp tales. They have a flavor of the Southland and the plantation. Negro character, life and wit are drawn with truth to nature. The descriptions are graphic, and the humor is always kindly and enjoyable. If the stories have imperfections, as the author confesses, we quite agree with him that some of them are too good to remain untold.

Our Word and Work for Missions: A Series of Papers Treating of Principles and Ideas Relative to Christian Missions. Edited by Henry W. Rogers, D. D. Universalist Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1.

Though wide-awake and earnest, the Universalist Church has never been much given to missions. The bundle of essays contained in

this volume is designed to awaken a fresh interest in the subject. "Some of the conditions, needs, and opportunity in mission work in home and foreign lands" are given, together with an account of the founding and progress of the mission in Japan. This seems to be the one mission abroad. The accounts given by Dr. George L. Perin and Miss Schouler will be read with interest. The papers are all freshly and ably written, and present a thorough canvass of the subject.

Was the Apostle Peter Ever at Rome? A Critical Examination of the Evidence and Arguments Presented on Both Sides of the Question. By Rev. Mason Gillingham, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. John Hall, D. D. Hunt & Eaton: New York. On sale by C. R. Magee, Boston. Price, \$1.

The Roman Church is built on Peter. But there is no valid evidence that Peter was ever in Rome, much less that he founded the church there. The question is an old one, but receives new interest from the large number of imported Roman Catholics who credit the fiction. The strongest proof that Peter was bishop of Rome is found in the tradition to that effect. The tradition is very old; but the latest scholarly investigation finds no notice of the tradition earlier than the beginning of the third century, in any authentic document. The arguments pro and con are in this book, and can be studied by any one curious on this question. The large claims of Rome will be found, in this examination, to rest on a very slender thread of historic evidence. The tradition claims that Peter went to Rome in the second year of Claudius—that is, the year A. D. 43—and remained there, as head of the church, twenty-five years, or until his death; but the tradition contradicts facts stated in the New Testament. The New Testament proves an alibi.

The Conversion of India from Paulinus to the Present Time. A. D. 165-1883. By George Smith, LL. D. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York. Price, \$1.25.

This volume contains the substance of six lectures on missions in India delivered on the Graves foundation at New Brunswick, N. J. As given in the book, the lectures are expanded into eleven chapters, detailing the history of missionary efforts in that great land from the beginning. The Greek Church attempted to convert India. At a later date the Roman Church took up the work; the Dutch followed with much success; and Xavier baptized a multitude of converts to the Roman faith. The modern era of missions in India began with the British occupation. The church and dissenting societies entered the field with courage. Dr. Smith gives a chapter on American effort in that field. The attempts of almost every little society are noticed. We regret that the author's studies did not extend to the Methodist Missions in the Northwest. Perhaps he never heard of the heroic Butler or the apostolic Thoburn, or of the mighty successes of the Methodist Missions in the Punjab. When he finds time to renew his investigations, he will discover an interesting chapter in connection with this work.

Benjamin Griffith: Biographical Sketches, Contributed by Friends. Edited by Charles H. Barnes, A. M. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Sold by the American Baptist Publication Society, 226 Washington St., Boston.

Though not a genius nor a man of extraordinary intellectual force, Benjamin Griffith, D. D., marked a high average among his fellows. He knew men and affairs, was clear in his convictions and courageous in the expression of his opinions. Loyal to the Master as well as to his church, he devoted himself with the utmost energy to whatever he undertook. Character was a source of power; everybody accepted him as a good man, full of faith and the Holy Spirit. He did noble work as a Baptist pastor, and then for thirty-six years managed the publishing interests of his denomination in Philadelphia. His devotion and business sagacity enabled him to add very largely to the business. The book contains eighteen beautiful and tender tributes by his friends. The compiler very appropriately suggests that the words of Carlyle are suited to his case: "There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; and there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed." The life of a true and trusted man has found in this book a suggestive and adequate record.

Literary and Social Silhouettes. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

Boyesen's "Silhouettes" form an attractive volume in "Harper's American Essayists." The essays are snatches of literature—brief touches of various subjects with a graceful pen. There is a sanative quality in Boyesen's writing. He lies close to nature and feels her generous pulsations. His smallest pieces are constructed according to the laws of literary art, and tend to develop the taste of the reader in the right direction. The volume is admirable for spare-minute reading. Each essay is brief, and the main idea floats like a buoy on the surface, affording the reader the advantage of a continuous view.

The Potter's Thumb. A Novel. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Harper & Brothers. On sale by Dammell, Upham & Co., Boston. Price \$1.25.

The scene of this story is laid in India, and its purpose is to set forth the interaction between the native and English-speaking population. It shows, to some extent, how a foreign civilization and religion filter down into the individual and finally into the social life of a non-Christian people. What was effected, in diffusing the Greek language and ideas, by the conquests of Alexandria, is now being brought about in India by the English, save that English ideas and the English language are substituted for the old Greek. The story is told in a straightforward and entertaining way, and the

characters move out distinctly upon the great and distant stage. The author has the advantage of taking the reader from his American environment and introducing him amid a new set of conditions in which he can hardly fail to become interested.

Cadet Days: A Story of West Point. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

Capt. King has become a favorite writer. His stories usually have some direct connection with the army and army life and surroundings. In this one he takes the reader back to the beginnings of the soldier's career. The cadet comes from a far Western home. The difficulties of securing the appointment are first set forth, and once at the Military Academy the details of cadet life are quite fully given, thus affording a fair view of the privileges and difficulties of an education in the military school of the republic. The style is finished and animated, and the characters are carefully and skillfully drawn. Boys who enjoy Capt. King's way of telling a story, as well as those who wish to know about West Point life, will be sure to read "Cadet Days."

Up and Down the Nile; or, Young Adventurers in Africa. By Oliver Optic. With 8 Illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25.

"Up and Down the Nile" is the third volume in the second Optic series of the "All Over the World Library." The charm of observation and description, which have made the author's earlier volumes favorites with the young, are found in this last issue. Egypt is a green band of land, stretched for a thousand miles across a trackless waste of sand. The river is literally the life of Egypt. Vegetation ceases the moment the water from the river falls. The book describes a trip up the river from Alexandria and down again. The steamer moves amid the wonders of ancient architecture and art. The pyramids, the tombs of kings and khalfis, the temples of the ancient idolatry, the hall of the mummies, the necropolis of Memphis and the ruins of Karnak, with a

ASK THEM WHY?

Ask the men who are making imitations of COTTOLENE, the new vegetable shortening, why they give up lard and try to trade on the merits of COTTOLENE? Perhaps YOU can guess why.

ASK HIM WHY?

Ask the grocer who attempts substitution, why he tries to sell an imitation when people call for that pure, palatable and popular vegetable shortening, COTTOLENE? Perhaps YOU can guess.

ASK YOURSELF WHY?

Why should not YOU use COTTOLENE, instead of Lard for all cooking purposes? It has the highest possible endorsement: from Physicians as to healthfulness; from Cooking Experts as to superiority; from housekeepers as to economy. Use COTTOLENE and stick to it.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.

Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

CHICAGO,

324 State Street, Boston, Portland, Me.



Mr. F. G. BARRY, Editor of The Tourist, writes:

"I thank you for your promptness in filling my order for NERVEASE which has now, it would seem, become a 'standard remedy' in our household. We regard 'NERVEASE' as indispensable; so much so that some of the 'unfortunates' which found their way into our World's Fair valise was a box of your powders. Very truly, F. G. BARRY."

NERVEASE cures any headache in 5 minutes. 25 cents. Druggists.

Sample free. Address NERVEASE CO., 68 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

A NOTABLE FACT.

DR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS' WILD CUCUMBER PILLS

Are constantly making friends, and will soon be the leading pill in the market. For Stomach and Liver Disorders they are unsurpassed.

Price 25c. box. Five boxes \$1.00.

Ask your druggist for them; or, sent by mail on receipt of price by

S. WEBSTER & CO., 60 Warren Ave., Berlin.

hundred other interesting matters, come in view of the travelers. Mystery and marvel are on every side. In Egypt we tread in the steps of a thousand generations; their works still lie about our path; the memorials of them in that rainless region are imperishable.

Koradine Letters: A Girl's Own Book. By Alice B. Stockham. M. D. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham & Co. Price, \$2.50.

Koradine is a bright and active young girl, whose physical and mental development is described in this volume. Like Froebel, her parents lived with their children and became their guides and helpers. The seeds of wisdom cropping out in a child are recognized, and their growth promoted. They realized the possibilities in the life of a child, and made studious endeavors to promote them to the utmost, securing thereby a sane mind in a sound body; for these counterparts of our nature, however diverse, must co-operate to produce a perfect life in this world. The style is attractive and the letters exhibit an appreciative and helpful view of nature and Providence as seen in the evolution of human life.

Forbes of Harvard. By Elbert Hubbard.

This volume contains a bundle of miscellaneous letters, well written and of interest especially to those who knew the author. The compiler, in his preface, makes this note which will explain the origin of the publication: "The sad passing away of Col. Arthur Ripley Forbes, by the sinking of the steamship 'Titania,' in the English Channel, has placed in my hands, as executor, a large mass of correspondence. Many of the letters possessing a certain literary value, I have been given permission by the heirs to publish such of the communications as I thought proper." The selections from the mass are arranged in chronological order, and will, as the compiler thinks, "tell their own story."

Magazines.

—The *Record of Christian Work*, with daily Scripture readings, for July, has for a frontispiece an excellent portrait of Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., of New York. The number contains notices of various forms of Christian work in different parts of the country. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.)

—The *Truth for July* has "Notes by the Way," "Separation," "Fellowship," "Walking With God," "Agur's Prophecy," and "What Awaits the Nations," as editorial matter. "The Secret of Christ's Indwelling," is contributed by Rev. F. B. Meyer, and a study of Matthew 24 by Rev. S. B. Goodenow. (New York: F. H. Revell Company.)

—The *Preachers' Magazine* contains forty-six pages with matter suitable for preachers, teachers and Bible students generally. The July number has a sermon by Dr. J. A. Beet on "Present Day Preaching," and another by Mark Guy Pearse on "Moses—His Life and His Lessons." There is besides a variety of articles editorial and contributed. (New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham.)

—The *Treasury of Religious Thought* for July contains a valuable list of articles. There are sermons by several leading divines and contributed articles on specific topics of interest. The preacher will not fail to read "Thoughts for Pastoral Work." It tells him how to improve the church's spiritual life. (E. B. Treat: New York.)

—The *Chicago Magazine* for June contains a good list of well-considered articles. William Cooper Ames leads in an able paper containing suggestions on practical reform in municipal politics. J. W. Bray has an article on the "Philosophical Aspects of the Catholic Reaction"—the reaction during the last fifty years against rationalism. I. W. Howerth has a good word on the "Origin of the English Novel." "The White Druse" is a story-poem by H. W. Taylor. (Chicago Magazine Publishing Company: Chicago.)

—The *Southern States* for June has articles on "Northwest Louisiana," "The South Before the War," "The Needs of the South," and "Letters from Northern and Western Farmers." (The Manufacturers' Record Publishing Co.: Baltimore.)

—The *Missionary Review of the World* for July contains a large amount of news from the various mission-fields as well as the discussion of questions relating to the progress and obstacles in the way of missions. The matter is distributed under five general heads or departments: Literature, International, Monthly Survey, Editorial, and General Intelligence. Under the first head the editor shows the imperative need of a new standard of giving. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

—*Scribner's* for July is well up in the variety and ability of its articles. The frontispiece is Francois Fleming's "The French in Holland," from Hamerton's "Types of Contemporary Painting." "The North Shore of Massachusetts," extending from Nahant to Rockport on Cape Ann, is a delightful summer article, describing the various resorts along our north shore, written by the young judge, Robert Grant, with fine illustrations by W. T. Smedley. Philip Schaff's description of "The Gettysburg Week," written at the time, is now first published. George W. Cable continues his "John March." Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes delightfully of "French Art in Holland." Octave Thanet sketches "American Types of Working-men." Ernest Plagg describes "The New York Tenement-house Evil." The entire

list of articles furnishes pleasant reading for the month. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

—The *Gospel in All Lands* for July contains much valuable intelligence from all the mission-fields, especially those opened by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Leonard gives an interesting account of his trip to North China. There are also notices of the various native tribes found in the missions on all the continents. (Hunt & Eaton: New York.)

—The *July Atlantic* is among the best. Amid a dozen or fifteen articles the reader will stop and consider William R. Thayer's treatment of the "Letters of Sidney Lanier." "Lucretius," by R. Y. Tyrrell, recalls not the dead Epicureanism, but the book and the ideas of the man. "The City on the House-top" is a pleasant account of family life on the flat roof in our hot season. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Pontiac's Lookout" has a flavor of old Indian life and tradition. Frank Bolles has a delightful description of scenery in Nova Scotia under the title, "The Home of Glooscap." Bradford Torrey writes delightfully "On the Beach at Daytona." "The Mayor and the City," by Harvey N. Shepard, describes the process by which the town of Boston has been transformed into a great city. "The Red Bridal" is a story by Lafcadio Hearn. Timeliness and ability characterize this number of the *Atlantic*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

—The *Forum* for July has, as usual, a rich table of contents. It opens with a symposium on "The Violence of Religious Intolerance in the Republic." Under this general head Frederic R. Coudert, a Roman Catholic lawyer of New York, makes a special plea against "The American Protective Association." Prof. J. B. McMaster follows with an admirable historic presentation of the Know Nothing movement, showing its true causes in the influx and aggressions of foreigners and the course of American feeling and action down to the present hour. Frederic Harrison gives "Carlyle's Place in Literature;" Theodore Roosevelt treats of "The Many Virtues in Practical Politics;" President Hall, Thomas Davidson and Martha F. Crow write to secure clear aims in education; and Montgomery Schuyler shows the government's failure as a builder. The articles are all readable and solid. There has seldom been a better number issued. The new editor shows himself equal to the old one in managing the *Forum*. (The Forum Publishing Company: New York.)

—The *Methodist Review* for July-August is an antiquarian number. Of the nine contributed articles six might as well have been written before the American Revolution. They deal with spent forces and dead issues. Dr. Mudge's "Seventy-five Years of the Methodist Review," evinces both timeliness and labor in the preparation. He had to go over the seventy-five volumes to secure his material, and was at great pains in the selection and arrangement of it as well as in the writing out. The article is a straightforward, well-written and luminous paper, giving a bird's-eye view of the *Quarterly* in its origin, progress and transformations under its different editors. Dr. Rawlins' "Our Constitutional Problem," and Judge Sibley's "General Conference Powers and Procedure" are timely; that is, they will be of use a year and a half hence to those chosen to the next General Conference. The other six—Dr. Withrow's "Early English Drama," or miracle plays; Dr. Griffith's "Methodist Doctrine of Free Will;" Dr. John Wier's "Forms of Belief in Transmigration;" Dr. Wheeler's "Shelley's Place in English Poetry;" Dr. Sherwood's "Mystery of the Trinity," and Dr. Gallagher's "The Prophetic Writings"—will scarcely remind the reader of anything that has happened in this greatest of the centuries. Our great *Review* should not be satisfied, with Jonathan Oldbuck, to decipher and renew the inscriptions on the tombs of venerable ancestors. We are in the current world and in a century where steam and electricity have overturned old traditions and maxims and brought us face to face with a totally new condition of things. With such live subjects, the *Review* should modernize and deal more largely with questions in control today, retaining the literary qualities, but touching upon a larger number of current topics. The articles in the number are all well-considered and written; but while we would not keep out of sight this redeeming feature, we can hardly be too earnest in urging timeliness as indispensable to the highest success of the *Review*. Readers more and more demand to be kept in touch with the new world of the hour. On turning to the editorial department, we have a handsome tribute to Dr. J. O. Peck, a proper word on outer adornment, and then a nine-page essay in small type on "Suicide." Suicide is a great subject—it was in Plutarch's day; but there are more current topics for July in the year of our Lord 1894.

Speaking of vacation—the best kind is that which sends one home rested in body and vigorous in mind, with the bloom on the cheek that follows plenty of out-door exercise and nights of refreshing sleep. Up in Vermont where the very air invigorates and the scenery is a never-ending source of delight and inspiration one can enjoy a vacation of this sort. All along the shores of Lake Champlain and through the Green Mountain region are hundreds of attractive farm houses and summer hotels where the vacationist is sure to find warm welcomes. One need not necessarily be a millionaire to summer in Vermont. Prices for board range from \$4 to \$10 per week and the cost of getting there is most reasonable, the Central Vermont railroad having made special summer excursion rates to every important point in the State. Mr. T. H. Hanley, New England passenger agent of the road, 280 Washington St., Boston, will gladly post one regarding resorts, transportation rates, etc.

"BROWN'S CARBOPURATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE." Cleanses and whitens the teeth and hardens the gums without injury.

The Food Exposition is an educator for housekeepers. You are not obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your Grocer can supply you; always ready; uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.

Educational.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Next term opens Sept. 20. For information address the President, HENRY A. BUTTE, Madison, N. J.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY National and International Growth.

The past year bearers of University degrees from eighty-one American and foreign universities, colleges and professional schools have pursued professional and other advanced studies in Boston University. Its 1112 matriculants came from twenty foreign, and from thirty-seven American States and Territories. To students of literature, philosophy, science, law, medicine, theology, Boston offers many advantages found in no other city. The University has 118 Professors and Lecturers. For free circulars and information respecting the Free Scholarships address the Registrar, 13 Somerset St., Boston.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES (Incorporated.)

EVERETT O. FISK & CO.,

Proprietors.
4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.
10 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
126 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
303 13th St., Washington, D. C.
125 E. 3d St., Springfield, Mass.
11 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

Send to any of the above agencies for 100-page Agency Manual, free. Correspondence with employers is invited. Registration forms sent to teachers on application.

Large numbers of school officers from all sections of the country, including more than ninety per cent. of the Public School Superintendents of New England, have applied to us for teachers.

We have filled positions at salaries aggregating more than

\$3,000,000.00

WESLEYAN ACADEMY.

Wilbraham, Mass.

The Fall Term of 75th year opens
September 19, 1894.

For Catalogue and any information write
Rev. WILLIAM R. NEWHALL,
Principal.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

Middletown, Conn.

Three Undergraduate Courses of Study. The work of the last two years largely elective. Post-graduate courses in the various departments. Ample facilities for laboratory work in all courses.
Expenses reasonable. Free tuition provided for a large number of the most needy students. Room rent in college buildings, and board in clubs, at moderate prices. Ladies admitted to equal privileges.
Examinations for admission, commencing at 9 A. M., June 20 and Sept. 14, 1894.
For further information address
Rev. B. P. RAYMOND, President.

Vermont Methodist Seminary.

MONTPELIER, VT.

Fall Term begins September 4.

Collegiate Course; high-grade Seminary Course; College and Professional School Preparatory Courses; unusual facilities for Music; Art Department; Business College with Diploma.

Beautifully located at the Capital of the State; fine buildings; best moral and religious influences; teachers take a personal interest in the welfare of pupils; expenses moderate.

For catalogue, address

E. M. SMITH, Principal.

LASELL SEMINARY

For Young Women,

Auburndale, Mass.

Suggests to parents seeking a good school consideration of the following points in its methods:

1st. Its special care of the health of growing girls.
Resident physician supervising work, diet and exercise; abundant food in good variety and well cooked; early and long sleep; a fine gymnasium furnished by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard; bowling-alley and swimming-bath; no regular or forenoon examinations, etc.

2d. Its broadly planned course of study.
Boston's proximity both necessitates and helps to furnish the best of teachers, including many specialists; with one hundred and twenty pupils, a faculty of thirty.
Four years' course: In some things equal to college work, in others planned rather for home and womanly life. Two studies required, and two to be chosen from a list of eight or ten electives. One preparatory year. Special students admitted if eighteen years or over or graduates of High Schools.

3d. Its home-like air and character.
Training in self-government; limited number (many declined every fall for lack of room); personal oversight in habits, manners, care of person, room, etc.; comforts not stinted.

4th. Its handwork and other unusual departments.
Pioneer school in Scientific teaching of Cooking, Millinery, Dress-Making, Business Law for Women, Home Sanitation, Swimming.

Regular expense for school year, \$500.

For illustrated catalogue address (mentioning Zion's Herald),

C. C. BRAGDON, Principal.

NEW ENGLAND METHODIST BOOK DEPOSITORY. MUSIC BOOKS

Camp-Meetings and Gospel Services.

IMPERIAL SONGS: By J. L. HUBBARD, D. D., and S. V. B. FORD. A selection of the best soul-stirring songs, with more than 100 new, inspiring hymns, superior responsive services, etc. A sample in paper to any address for 16 cents. 288 pp. By mail 25 cents per copy. \$20 per hundred.

LIVING HYMNS: By JOHN WAMAMAKINE and J. R. SWENEY. Contains all that is best. 288 pp. Strongly bound. For hundred \$25. Single copy by mail, 25 cents.

UNFADING TREASURES: By KIRKPATRICK, O'KANE. The latest issue and one of the best. 384 pp. 25 cents per copy. \$25.00 per hundred.

EPWORTH SONGS: By J. P. BERRY and C. H. GABRIEL. 25 cents per copy. \$20 per hundred.

POPULAR SELECTIONS: From Hymns New and Old. Revised. One hundred choice hymns bound in manila cover. Price, \$10 per hundred. A good book at a low price.

Ready July 20, FINEST OF THE WHEAT Number 2.

We have all the books in the market, and will be glad to send samples on approval.

**CHAS. R. NAGEE, Agent,
38 Bromfield St., Boston.**

RHODE ISLAND, East Greenwich. East Greenwich Academy.

Founded 1803. Both sexes. On Narragansett Bay. Steam heat and electric light. Endowed. Twelve courses. \$200 a year. Rept. 11. Write for illustrated catalogue. F. D. BLAKESLEE, D. D., Principal.

EAST MAINE SEMINARY. Bucksport, Maine.

Rev. A. F. Chase, Ph. D., Principal.

Fall Term opens August 27.
College Preparatory, Scientific, Academic, Normal, Art and Musical Courses. Military Training, Business College, with first-class instruction. Location unsurpassed. Easy of access by boat or by rail. Terms low. Send for Catalogue.

New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College.

A Coeducational Institution.

SIX years are covered by the studies of the CLASSICAL COURSE: Latin, Greek, French, German, Higher English, and the Sciences.

FIVE years are necessary for the course in Belles Lettres.

FOUR years for each of the following courses: College Preparatory, Latin Scientific, Instrumental Music, and Vocal Music.

THREE years are required for the Medical Preparatory, Legal Preparatory, English Scientific, Industrial Science, and Art Courses.

TWO years in Elocution and the Study of Expression.

ONE year for the Commercial Department.

Health. Pure air, spring water, the best of sanitary arrangements, regular habits, good board, and a Christian home, leave little to be desired as means for promoting good health.

Two Hundred Dollars a year pays for tuition, board, laundry, room-rent, and steam heat.

Fall Term opens Aug. 20, 1894.

Send for a Catalogue to the President.

REV. J. M. DURRELL,
Tilton, N. H.

ZION'S HERALD. Founded 1823.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per Year, Postage Prepaid, \$2.50.
Ministers and their Widows, 1.50

THE DATES following the name of each subscriber indicates the year and month to which it is paid.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Papers are continued until there is a specific order to stop, and until all arrears are paid, as required by law.

SUBSCRIBERS wishing to stop a paper, or change direction, should be very particular to give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent and the one to which they wish it sent.

REMITTANCES may be made by Money Order (post-office or express), Bank Check, or Draft. When neither of these can be procured, send money by Registered Letter.

FOR ADVERTISERS it is one of the BEST MEDIUMS that can be employed for New England. It has probably 25,000 readers in educated homes. Cards with advertising rates sent on application.

Specimen copies free.

All letters of Remittances, or relating to Renewals, and Subscriptions, and other Business Matters connected with the paper, should be addressed to

A. S. WOOD, Publisher, 36 Bromfield Boston. 6

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, July 10.

—The bill in the German Reichstag to repeal the anti-Jesuit laws rejected by the Bundersath.

—The Pope in an extremely feeble condition.

—The Naval appropriation bill passes the Senate.

—Cessation of rioting and disorder in Chicago, enabling the cars to move.

—The 64th annual convention of the American Institute of Instruction opens at Bethlehem, N. H.

—A section of Commercial Wharf in this city fell, killing one man and wounding four.

—Labor organizations arrange for a mass meeting of sympathizers with the strike. Gov. Flower of New York says he will at once order out troops if disturbances occur.

Wednesday, July 11.

—Violent earthquake shocks felt in Constantinople, creating a panic among the people and causing the loss of many lives.

—Mr. Peffer offers a resolution in the Senate in favor of the government control of the railroads; Senators Davis and Gordon score the Populist for his incendiary utterances.

—Debs, Howard, and other Railway Union men arrested for conspiracy.

—Men in various trades in Chicago strike, and Sovereign calls out the Knights of Labor.

—Troops ordered to Sacramento to control the mob.

—"Bat" Shea, of Troy, sentenced to be executed, Aug. 21.

—The Teachers at Saratoga open their session, as also the National Educational Association at Asbury Park.

—The labor leaders east of Ohio refuse to join the strike.

—An amendment introduced in the New York Constitutional Convention in favor of compulsory arbitration in labor troubles.

—The House bill admitting Utah as a State to the Union passes the Senate.

Thursday, July 12.

—Additional earthquake shocks in and about Constantinople; many buildings destroyed and some 200 lives lost.

—As the outcome of the Korean trouble, war between China and Japan is believed to be imminent.

—The Senate passes unanimously Daniel's resolution endorsing the action of President Cleveland in sending troops to Chicago.

—The Senate passes the Pension and other appropriation bills; the House passes the McRae Railroad Land Forfeiture bill.

—Sovereign's appeal to the Knights of Labor to strike responded to by only 14,000 members of the order.

—The strikers at Sacramento wreck a train, killing the engineer and three soldiers and seriously injuring four others.

—Twelve roads are tied up at Toledo.

—Ten thousand delegates to the Christian Endeavor Convention meet at Cleveland.

Friday, July 13.

—Japan accepts England's offer of mediation in the Korean dispute.

—The French Chamber of Deputies rejects the proposal for an income tax, and votes confidence in the ministry.

—Germany enacts a tariff against Spain.

—The Army and Fortifications appropriation bill passes the Senate.

—Trains again in motion in the West; the strike nearly at an end; Debs and Sovereign recall their orders and the men may be taken back by the several roads.

—The committee on Suffrage in the New York Constitutional Convention to report in favor of an educational qualification for voters.

—The fall in silver is constant.

—Gladstone finally declines to be a candidate for a seat in Parliament.

—Chauncey M. Depew calls for Europe.

—Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of the N. H. Conference, nominated by the Prohibitionists of New Hampshire for Governor.

Saturday, July 14.

—The earthquake shocks continue at Constantinople, increasing the panic among the inhabitants.

—Fifty-four deaths from cholera at St. Petersburg on Thursday, the 12th.

—The River and Harbor bill passes the Senate.

—The end of the strike. Debs, president of the A. R. U., offered to call off the strike if the General Managers of the railroads would take back the strikers, which they utterly refuse to do. In the face of this denial the strike collapses.

—Patrick Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Carter Harrison, hanged yesterday.

—Ernest Wiman released on \$30,000 bail.

—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst appeals to the citizens of New York in regard to the mayoralty campaign.

—George R. Graham, founder of Graham's Magazine, dies at Orange, N. J.

—The close of the strike influences foreign exchange in our favor and advances stocks.

Monday, July 16.

—The drug stores in Cambridge closed yesterday.

—The gale at Newport damaged 500 buildings.

—Cholera sweeping through China and Russia; 40,000 deaths in Canton alone; St. Petersburg in the throes of the plague.

—Employees of the Mexican Post Office Department have in a series of thefts stolen more than \$100,000.

—Gen. Howard favors a regular army of 80,000 men.

—Railway strikers make more trouble at Chicago; loss to railways estimated at perhaps \$8,000,000.

METHODS IN METHODISM.

Judge Hiram L. Shiley.

UNDER the above heading President Warren gives the readers of Zion's Herald an extract from a recent article of mine, with remarks and inferences. I am not insensible to his appreciative references to me. But I must be allowed to protest against being regarded as "spokesman" for "conservative" or any other brethren. My study of our church constitution has been wholly free, with no interest or party to serve, but from a desire to know for myself, as a lawyer and Methodist, what our organic law is. At times I have written articles to expose what seemed to me most radically wrong notions of it. In this way came my answer to Dr. Potts. Until seeing what Dr. Warren writes, I was not aware that the same erroneous ideas had been published in the Herald. But with that fact before me, I ask space to present the opposing view, substantially as in answer to Dr. Potts. In response to his first article, I said:—

"Now, by all legal usage and definition, the terms organic law, charter, constitution, are of essentially like import with reference to a body which is constituted by either of them. Unless authority is given therefore, the creature of one or the other remains powerless to change it. This is a universal principle in constitutional law. If not otherwise provided, only the power which creates can destroy. The Conference of 1808 created the delegated General Conference, and gave to it its charter or constitution. That fixed a time for the meeting of the body in its first session, and 'perpetually' thereafter. The Conference of 1808 confessedly had plenary power in the premises. If it did not intend to render this unchangeable, unless by amendatory process, which must go before the preachers, the original source of power in the Annual Conferences, why was the provision made of permanent obligation?"

"On the untenable theory of Dr. Potts, they were in terms making 'perpetual' what the General Conference at its first session could change. Can we ascribe such folly to the fathers, even with their fiery zeal? They also were possessed of that 'Methodist common sense' to which the Doctor refers; and, if this be admitted, never could have been guilty of the farcical blunder involved in solemnly enacting as a law to stand 'perpetually' what their mere creature might set aside in four years. This is too obvious for argument. But it serves to show the error into which my brother, with others, has

fallen. Their mistake is in assuming that the general grant of governing power which the constitution gives in the authority to make 'rules and regulations' for the church, authorizes the General Conference alone to change that instrument. This is pure assumption. That clause, so far as it relates to the enactment of law, confers simply legislative power, under and in accordance with all the provisions of the charter, constitution, or organic law—the name is immaterial—the instrument framed by the Conference of 1808, by which the delegated body was created. This view is consistent with the whole document then enacted, while the contrary notion renders it palpably inconsistent with itself, throws our constitutional system into confusion, and convicts the 'fathers' of a child's play in important action, incompatible with ordinary, let alone Methodist, common sense."

To this Dr. Potts replied by saying, in substance, that the proceeding was unconstitutional, because the restrictive rule process never was intended to apply to other parts of the organic law. In answer to that I gave the views President Warren has directed attention to, but also said:—

"I confront my good brother's theory with facts. They are these: The General Conference of 1808 was a sovereign body; as such, possessed of absolute power in our church government; therefore legally competent to enact a constitution to govern us. This it did. The new representative General Conference is its creature—the creature of that constitution. Hence the old Conference rightfully could say when its sessions could be held. This it did, in the organic act creating the body, by providing that after 1812 it should meet 'on the first day of May, once in four years, perpetually.' Dr. Potts says this could legally have been repealed in 1812, and so prevented from ever going into effect. I ask for his authority. He gives none. I request him to explain how men of common sense solemnly could make a law 'perpetually' to bind a body they created, when its creature might repeal it in four years? The Doctor again is dumb. His theory admits of no answer. There is none. The body which passed that act had the unquestionable power to make it of permanent obligation. They expressly did so. Dr. Potts, with a few others equally in error, entertains the false notion that, in the teeth of this law, the body it was intended to bind may repeal it. The case needs only to be stated to show that such a claim is 'pure assumption.' The facts are immovably against it."

"One thing more. If Dr. Potts' notion is correct, why is it that in all our constitutional history there has been so strict an obedience to the rule now in process of change? How comes it that until this late date none have sprung up to say with the Doctor that the General Conference can meet at pleasure—every year if it so desires? The obvious answer is that the paramount obligation of the law, enacted by the sovereign power which created the representative Conference, required it to meet on the 'first day of May once in four years.' Only in these late days, by some to whom the constitution is an unpleasant restraint, have these 'new-fangled' theories, which ignore the facts and defy the law, sprung up. The Doctor, with all his great strength, vainly attempts to defend them. I only add that, according to the notion which he advocates, the law as to extra sessions legally might be made a nullity; for the Confer-

ence always could adjourn to meet on the call of the Bishops, or of ten Annual Conferences, if it was so ordered."

No answer has been made to this, as I believe. At all events, I am ready with my humble abilities to sustain the position taken, against any one however able and learned, on the law and facts of our ecclesiastical history.

With reference to President Warren's suggested application of my "new doctrine" as to amendment, a word should be said. As I state, the Restrictive Rules can be amended only by the process they prescribe. This results from the settled principle that the sovereign power equally with the officers of government is bound by the constitution it enacts, and any act or regulation of either, against it, is "void" (Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations," 3). Now it happens that lay representation has been authorized by a provision of the Second Restrictive Rule, the force and effect of which is to change to that extent the composition of the General Conference. Further, in 1833, this amendment was judicially and authoritatively declared to exclude women. The law of the Restrictive Rules therefore is, that they cannot be delegates. But to admit them by amendment, the Second Rule must be changed, and that must be done by the restrictive rule process. So that it does not follow from my doctrine that to pass around a proposal to admit women, and get a majority vote in the Conferences for it, would change the law. The Restrictive Rules require the assent of three-fourths of each Conference in order to amend them. The President's supposition that they have no application to the "original possessors of the sovereignty"—the preachers—is, I think, wholly untenable. The law is, "that upon the concurrent recommendation of three-fourths of all the members of the several Annual Conferences who shall be present and vote on such recommendation, then a majority of two-thirds of the General Conference succeeding shall suffice to alter any of the above restrictions except the first article." But as Dr. Warren construes it, while it takes three-fourths to enable the General Conference to change a rule, a bare majority can do so independently of that body! Then how about the first article? The Sixth Rule was amended in 1828-1832, in part to prevent a change of that, even by two-thirds of the General Conference with three-fourths of the Annual Conferences. Yet the President's theory—not mine—would enable a bare majority in the Annual Conferences alone to amend it. The point he overlooks is, that where a mode of amendment is provided, that must be followed. Such is the case with respect to the Restrictive Rules, but not as to the organizing provisions of the constitution which precede them. The "new doctrine," if it be such, applies only to the latter.

Marietta, O.

Pay the Price

Royal Baking Powder is shown by chemical tests absolutely pure and 27 per cent.

greater in strength than

any other. Many second-class

brands of baking powder are

urged upon con-

sumers at the

price of the

high-cost,

first-class

Royal. These

powders, because of the

inferior quality of their ingredients,

cost much less than the Royal, besides being

27 per cent. less strength. If they

are forced upon you, see

that you are charged

a correspondingly

lower price

for them.

of the Royal

for Royal only